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CALLING ALL GIRLS

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FROM YOU to US



WE ALWAYS like to know what you think, and we are glad to publish excerpts from some of your letters. We wish we had space to print all of them. We hope more and more of you will write us—tell us what you like about the magazine, what you don't like, what you want to see in future issues. Though we can't answer all your letters, we give each one thoughtful consideration. When you write us, address your letters to From You to Us Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

We need a referee

The article that displeased us very much was "It's Touch . . . or Goal!" Your magazine states that girls should act feminine. You very seldom see girls romping about playing football. We think that game is strictly for boys. Please! In your next issue have more articles on beauty hints, which can do more for us than football.

G. B. and P. W.,
Detroit, Mich.

I don't believe any article has ever caused as much excitement as your article, "It's Touch . . . or Goal!" in the October issue of CAG . . . All my friends and I are dying to get started.

J. N., *Liberty, Tex.*

A dollar, a dollar . . .

H. P. from New Zealand has nothing on me. I go to a private school and also am not allowed to wear lipstick or speak to boys on the school grounds. But that is not all. We are required to wear uniforms, white socks, and saddle shoes to school. Colored socks and moccasins are definitely not allowed. School hours are from nine until five. But I don't mind—I keep telling myself that at least I am getting an education.

B. S., *Baltimore, Md.*

Faithful friends

I came to Sweden and intend to stay for some time as my father is here on business. I receive your magazine and the biggest day in the month is when CAG arrives.

Your stories and fashions are marvelous. They help me keep up with the American fashions, movies, and, well, everything a teen-ager is interested in.

All my friends read my CAG here in Sweden. Even if some of them can't read English very well, they are just fascinated by the American fashions. They get quite a kick out of American jive.

M. E., *Göteborg, Sweden*

They forgot the "sauce"

In the September issue I was very much amused by three of the letters under the heading "What's Sauce for the Goose." The first letter criticized two or three articles, while the other letters praised them. It just goes to show that what some people like, others may not, and vice versa. Don't you think, as I and many of my friends do, that the girls should not complain about the stories or the articles on subjects which may help others? Some stories which I do not like, my girl friends find very interesting.

B. C., *Vancouver, Canada*

People are funny

When I saw the cover of the September issue of CAG I thought that was fantastic. Can you imagine two boys in their right minds standing that close to a girl like Janet Regan and never even looking at her? That tops everything.

J. M., *South Peabody, Mass.*

Praise is sweet

I've always admired your magazine, and haven't missed a copy since I started reading it.

I think it is swell that you have a Negro girl on the Junior Advisory Board. Keep up the good work.

L. P., *Los Angeles, Calif.*

I go to a private Catholic school and the other day I had one of my CAGs in school and the Sister asked to see it. She thought it was a wonderful magazine and liked "Dear Pen Pal" the best as it let us know what the rest of the world was like.

M. J., *Baltimore, Md.*

The new CAG is what I call "strictly on the beam." I enjoyed the article "Try It-Dye It" most of all. With a magazine like this the teen-age girl will be "strictly straight" in every way.

P. K., *Lynchburg, Va.*

"SCALLOPED" "SCALLOPED" "SCALLOPED"
HEART THROB HEART THROB HEART THROB
BY PEGGY PARKER



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Hijacker

From the day she hit the campus, Ginny

knew she was strictly Big Time

—and she meant to stay that way

By GERTRUDE CRAMPTON

Steve let go with a muted
wolf call. "I-yi-yi!"
Collie Adams agreed.

GINNY WALD had several strikes against her before she so much as stepped off the train at Lambertville. Strike One: Her Aunt Martha Laughton, with whom she was to live while her famous lawyer-father recuperated in Arizona's hot sun, had bragged about Ginny to anyone who would listen. So Lambertville was quite evenly divided between those who thought Ginny Wald was a prize and those who thought she was a prize pain in the neck. Strike Two: Ginny Wald was in complete agreement with the former group. Strike Three: Ginny saw no reason to keep her plans and opinions to herself.

Her first appearance at high caused a ripple that would have been a tidal wave if the faculty hadn't been present in such large numbers. At first

sight of Ginny, Jewel Beam nudged Sue Tucker. "Get a glimpse and faint. That dress is Fifth Avenue, at least. Maybe Park Avenue."

Simultaneously Steve poked Collie Adams in the ribs and let loose with a wolf call muted to cub size out of respect for the faculty's stand on such subjects as undue noise on the school premises.

"I-yi-yi!" Collie agreed.

By lunchtime Ginny Wald had pretty well taken over. She thought the rule against driving jalopies at noon was silly and persuaded Collie Adams to drive her home to pick up her French book. Unfortunately, the Supervisor didn't agree with Ginny, and Collie got a detention slip.

"That's tough," Sue Tucker commented. "We were going skating this afternoon." She suddenly



remembered her manners and added, "Not that it was your fault, Ginny. You didn't know it was against the rules to so much as start a motor during lunch period."

Ginny surveyed Sue coolly. "Certainly I knew. Collie told me. But it's an absurd rule. And I wanted my French book."

"But why?" Sue was puzzled. "We don't use that book here. Anyhow, why make Collie run the risk of getting two weeks' detention? He would have, except that the Supervisor made allowances."

Ginny shrugged her beautifully built shoulders and moved on with the group she had already assembled under her banner.

"Such a naïve child," she murmured to one of her new followers in an undertone nicely calculated to reach Sue's ears.

By late afternoon, the whole school was agog with the news: Ginny Wald had figuratively kicked Sue Tucker's teeth in. Ginny Wald had hung a detention slip on Collie Adams. Ginny Wald spoke four languages. Ginny Wald bought her clothes in New York and was the best-looking thing that had ever popped into Lambertville. Ginny Wald said that sweaters and skirts on dates were strictly local-yokel. *Ginny Wald said* and *Ginny Wald did* were the chief topics of conversation, and the betting was about even on whether she would try to grab Collie Adams from Sue Tucker.

Ginny settled that herself by appearing at Car-

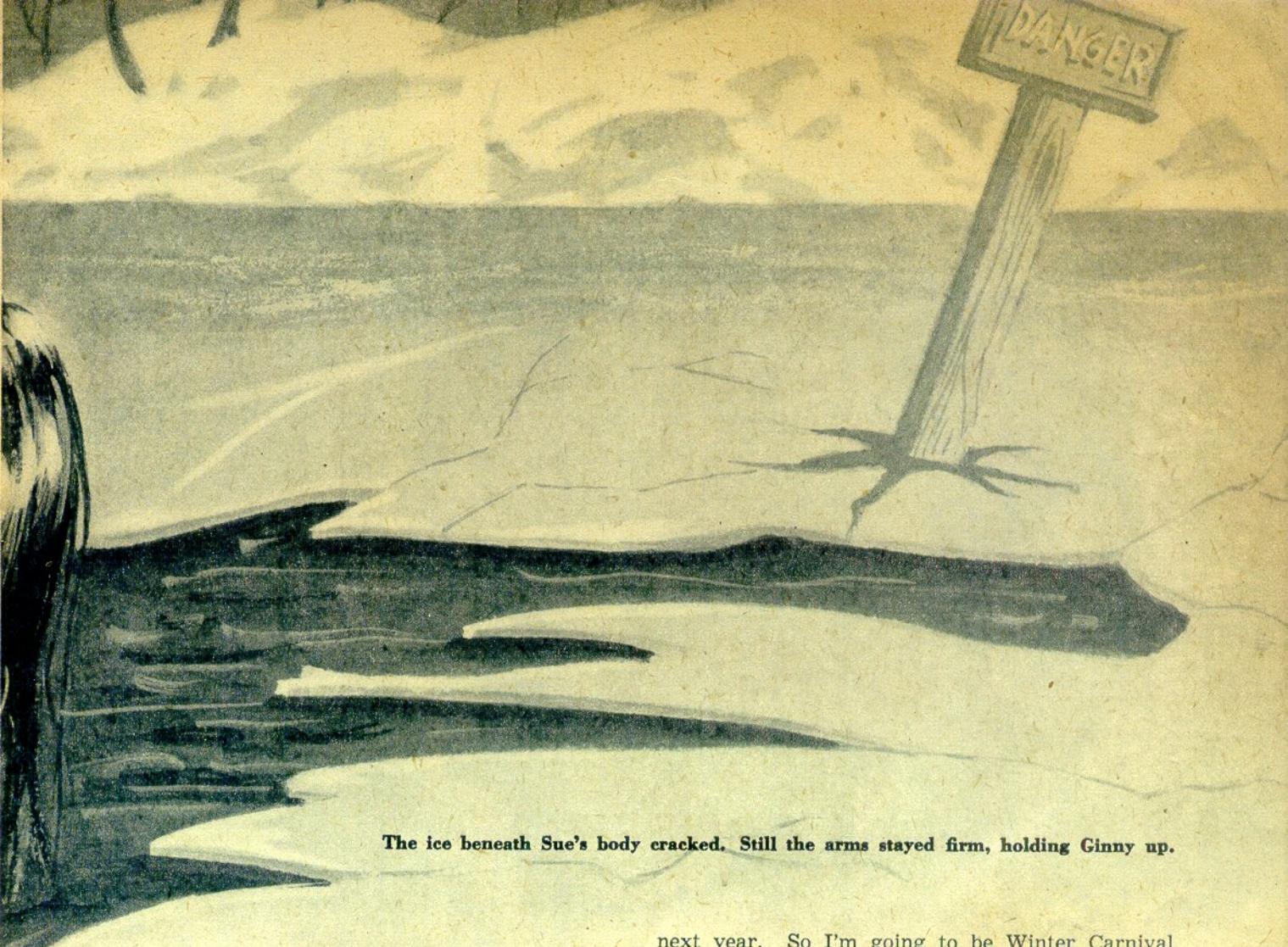
ney's with Steve in tow. Steve started to slide into the booth Sue occupied, but Ginny sailed past, pausing only long enough to murmur, "Alone again, dear?" Steve's neck got red, but he followed.

By the time Ginny came sauntering into the house, Aunt Martha was full of questions that bubbled out faster than a Quiz Kid could have answered them. "How do you like Lambertville? Wasn't that Collie Adams who brought you home this noon? And Steve Dyer this afternoon? How do you like the teachers? Did you meet Sue Tucker?"

Ginny answered patiently and when she acknowledged meeting Sue Tucker, her aunt's enthusiasm reached new heights. "A lovely, lovely girl! So nice-looking! And so very popular! She'll make a splendid friend for you, Ginny. We must give a little party and invite her."

Ginny's glance had a good deal of amusement and more than a faint trace of pity. "Good gravy, Aunt Martha, Sue Tucker'll never be a friend of mine."

"She won't? Why not? You're every bit as intelligent and pretty as Sue Tucker is." Aunt



The ice beneath Sue's body cracked. Still the arms stayed firm, holding Ginny up.

Martha was getting worked up, and her face flushed with sudden anger. "The idea!"

"Now, Aunt Martha," Ginny soothed, "don't get into a state. Sue would be friends with me, I guess. But on her own terms."

"Her terms?" Aunt Martha parroted. "What in the world does that mean?"

"Just that." Ginny's voice hardened. "I could be Sue Tucker's friend if I'd take a back seat. But I'm not taking a back seat in this town. Why should I? The school I came from was twice as big as this one, and I was Big Woman there. So why should I be Small Stuff here?"

Aunt Martha was puzzled. "What's Sue got to do with it?"

"Well, it's pretty obvious, isn't it?" Ginny demanded. "Sue Tucker is heaven's gift to the Sophomore class. And I've decided to move in."

"I did a little scouting around today and I found out that the Sophomore Class elects its Winter Carnival Queen in a couple of weeks. The Carnival Queen not only runs the entire place for the Carnival and the rest of the winter, she is automatically the vice-president of the Junior class the

next year. So I'm going to be Winter Carnival Queen and I've got to move fast."

Aunt Martha continued her preparations for dinner. "I can understand your wanting to be queen, Ginny, but you haven't a chance. You're new here. And, anyway, everybody knows that Sue Tucker will be elected. Everybody likes Sue, and always has."

"Nobody is liked by everybody," Ginny stated flatly. "I've got two weeks to line up all the little bodies that don't like Sue Tucker. Dad and Mummy are all set to live here when they come back from Arizona, and I intend to be vice-president of the Junior class."

Martha Laughton shook her head. "You're foolish, Ginny. You'll split the class and cause hard feelings and start all kinds of quarrels."

"You bet," Ginny nodded. "And when the smoke clears, there I'll be—Queen of the Carnival."

In the days that followed, Sue Tucker must have felt that she was being haunted by her own private imp of Satan. Sue and Collie took in the High Frolic, Sue in a yellow skirt and a blue sweater that matched her eyes. Ginny, posturing on Steve's arm, wore suave black. Sue put her hair up and wore her newest date dress for the dance at the Women's Club. Ginny wore a sweater, but a sweater of such gossamer stuff as Lambertville had never dreamed existed. Sue and Collie rigged up a hay ride, but it was not too well attended, for Ginny gave a select dinner (*Continued on page 36*)



Bob Newhart



Above—As the years roll by, Bob Walker takes on age and dignity in the role of the composer, Jerome Kern, in "Till the Clouds Roll By."

Middle—Lunch hour on the set finds Walker, in specs, chatting with Director Richard Whorf.

Bottom—Why shouldn't Bob write beautiful music when he has Dorothy Patrick to inspire him? At any rate, that's how it happens in the movie!



Star light, star bright—here's
one you've wished the very best for—
and your wishes are coming true

By ANN THORNE

See Here— ROBERT WALKER!

TO MAKE a long story short—but you don't want that, not when it's Robert Walker's story? Very well. But we're warning you. It's pretty grim in spots. Take, for instance, that time when Bob was six and was expelled from kindergarten—for pulling little girls' pigtails, no less. Or all those times he ran away from home. Or the terrible report cards he dragged home to show his father, a newspaper editor in Salt Lake City, Utah. Or the fact that even when he was sent away to a military academy to make a fresh start, the youngest of the four Walker boys was out to make a name for himself—as the worst kid in school!

But that was where he met his Waterloo, and a good thing, too. An understanding teacher took one look at Bob's sensitive face, coaxed him into a dramatic arts class, and (Continued on page 63)

Bob and Dorothy run over their lines for the next scene. Button shoes and bicycle clips aren't here to stay. They're right for Bob's role in "Till the Clouds Roll By."





Photographs by William Ward
Drawings by Kay Morrissey

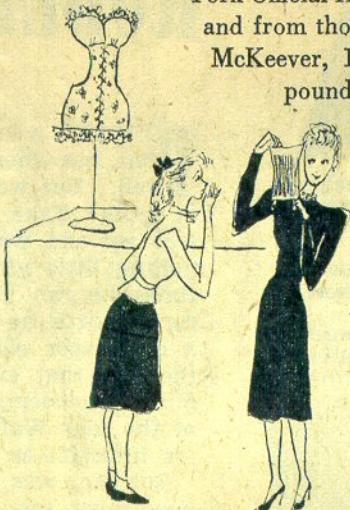
Meet Betty McKeever, 16-year-old Brooklyn high-schooler, as she looked when she applied at Nancy Pepper's office for a Make-Over. Read on this page how it was done; see the thrilling results on the opposite page. Then look at yourself critically in a full-length mirror. Could you stand a "make-over" job? Well, it's up to you.



You CAN

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor
and LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

How many girls would like to be Made Over?" we asked 1,500 teen-agers at a recent CALLING ALL GIRLS fashion show at Gimbel's, New York Official Headquarters Store. Hundreds raised their hands, and from those dissatisfied hundreds we finally selected Betty McKeever, 16 years old, five feet five inches tall and 145 pounds heavy. Just as she was, in droopy blouse, too short and too skimpy skirt, and washer-woman hair-do, we snapped her "before" picture. Then we went to work—and the results proved our theory that the Right Clothes and the Right Grooming can play a big part in making—and remaking—any teen who will put her mind and time to it.



First stop, the corset department of Gimbel's in New York, to find a comfortable and controlling foundation and "bra" to whittle Betty's waistline and smooth out bumps and bulges. Even thin girls look better and stand better when a trained corset expert prescribes for their figure troubles. The change was immediate and amazing. Betty seemed to stand taller, straighter, and slimmer. Now she was ready to try on some new teen clothes in the High School Shop.



After we picked her outfit in the High School Shop (read about them on the opposite page), we visited the teen shoe department at Gimbel's in search of shoes that would make Betty's more-than-substantial legs look graceful and slimmer. We all agreed that until Betty slimmed down her legs with proper exercise (and it *can* be done), she'd better stick to stockings and to shoes with

a little lift to their heels. Betty's legs were one of our biggest problems—and the right shoes helped to make the least of them.

Betty had complained "I can't do anything with my hair or make-up," but look at what the stylists at the American Hair Design Institute were able to do with it! Shaping, shampooing and a "Smoothie" permanent that curled up the ends softly were all she needed. See how an expert Helena Rubinstein make-up actually transformed a plain girl into a pretty one! The stylists prescribed front height for dress-up; smooth side parting for school. Results convinced Betty that good looks are well worth time and effort.



make yourself

YΕΙΛ



Above—See what a new hair-do, a good girdle, trim shoes, *and* the right dress did for Betty McKeever. She stepped right into a size 16 Teentimer at Gimbels High School Shop, and it cost less than \$9! Open-toe black suede shoes (Teen Age by Buster Brown) foreshorten her feet. Left—Betty was a sensation at school in flannel skirt, white blouse, classic blazer. She now wears her skirts longer; she prefers a slenderizing V-neck blouse; she selects a dark blazer with up-and-down white piping. Her side-laced oxfords are Teen Age by Buster Brown. Here's the new Betty. What CALLING ALL GIRLS did for her, YOU CAN DO FOR YOURSELF!



WHO'S that character at the left? Looks like a Fugitive from a Cement Mixer—looks like YOU last year! Your new sweaters are Trim, Neat, and Terrific—but what to do about those Saggy, Baggy Sloppies of yesteryear? Snip 'em and sew 'em and you'll have the smooth knitted fashions shown above. So easy to do—once we tell you how!



Conversion of Sloppy Joe

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WARD, DRAWINGS BY KAY MORRISSEY

1. Make a helmet and mittens from that shapeless tweedy knit sweater. **2.** Cut down a Sloppy Joe to evening-sweater size and light it up with sequins. (The evening skirt is available ready-made in Teen Departments of most Official Headquarters Stores, page 66. Of crisp Stonecutter rayon bengaline, it's about \$15.) **3.** Make one two-toned sweater in half-and-half effect out of two old ones. **4.** Convert an oversize, stretched-out pull-on to a ribbon-trimmed medium cardigan. **5.** First, take it in; then tuck it in! (Add a belt, of course.) Who'd suspect our smooth drawstring battle jacket was once a knee-length pull-on? Don't feed those outsize Sloppy Joes to the moths; just try your hand at Sweater Conversion. All directions for sewing and cutting in our new leaflet, *Conversion of Sloppy Joe*. For your free copy, send a large-size, stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashions CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. More fashions on pages 37, 39, and 49.



Hoops, MY DEAR!

When the girls come out to play, they can't get enough of that wonderful game—basketball. Reason—it's fun!

By ARTHUR D. MORSE

The side pass, explains coach to co-ed, goes this-a-way. It's simple. But not if the opposing team intercepts it!

Below—This is an exciting lay-up shot from directly in front of the basket. See how the ball's controlled by the shooter's fingertips? This shot should go clean through the hoop without touching the backboard.

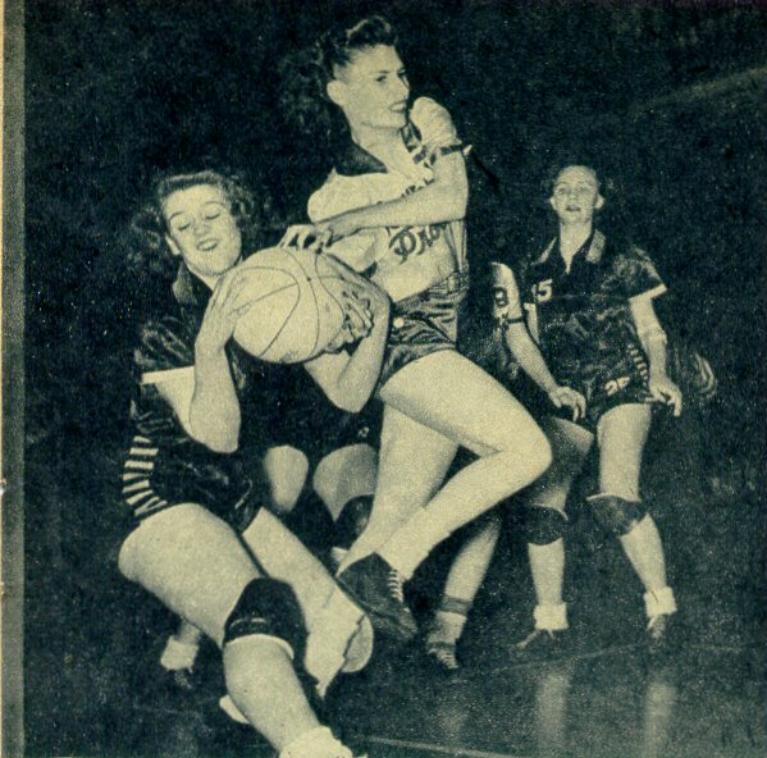


YOU may not want to put all your eggs in one basket, but one of the objects of basketball is to get a good number of shots through the hoop. That's the only way in which a player can possibly score points, and points win games.

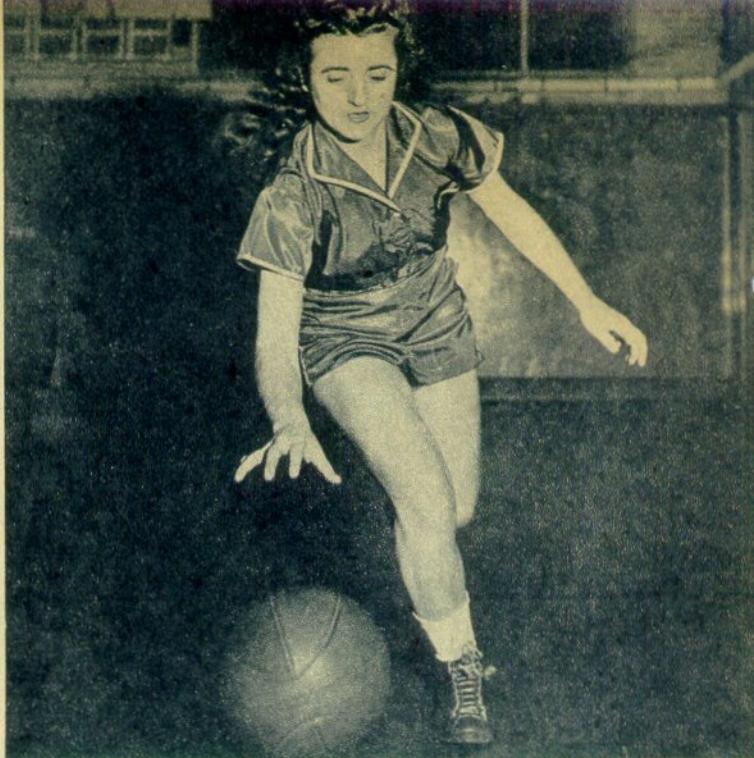
But if you want the Green and the Gold or the Red and the Black to win the local championship, you'll have to practice those offensive and defensive plays that lead to baskets. Basketball is a team game and the girl who scores the points is no more important than the teammate who passes the ball to her.

Basketball is one of the most rhythmic and graceful of sports, it's played by more people than any other competitive game, it develops timing, agility, coordination, and teamwork. It won't help to solve the world's problems, but it will help to develop a strong body and the mental alertness that leads to good studying and therefore to better serious accomplishments. So you can put down that book for an hour or so and play a game of basketball.

What do you mean, you're too clumsy to be any good? Do you



Oh-oh! Somebody's going to have to let go of that ball. You can't score without it, and the game gets extra lively when two players try to grab it.



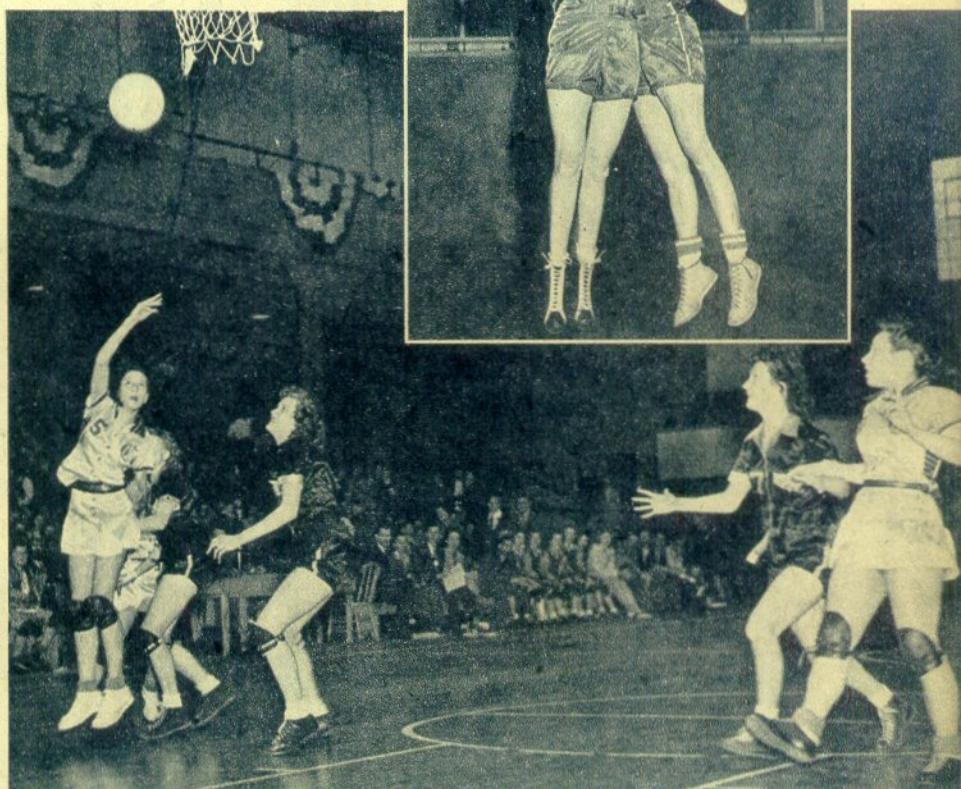
Above, right—Who'd quibble about a dribble? Under girls' rules, one bounce is your limit. There's an art to dribbling, and this player's good at it.

think those six-foot-ten-inch men who romp so lightly on the court started out like graceful gazelles? They developed grace by practice; many coaches of men's teams prescribe dancing as part of the training. As a girl, you owe it to your future date to be a smooth dancer, to be light on your feet (not his!). It doesn't matter whether you're tall or short, lean or generously proportioned. You can be agile, and basketball will help.

Now to the game. Though there isn't room here to go into it thoroughly, let's talk a bit about offense and a bit about defense. And first of all—the pass.

When you pass a ball, you do not squeeze the ball with your hands. Instead, let the cushions of your fingers control it. If you grip the ball too tightly, you will lose control and your opponent will "steal" it.

There are many types of passes. The two-hand underhand pass is good because you can throw it from any position. You can pretend to shoot but really pass, and vice versa. Usually the one-hand underhand pass is used when teammates are close together. Thus, as you run near your chum, you can flip her a one-hand pass. As (Continued on page 42)



Above—This lay-up shot is being taken from the side, which isn't too easy. The shooter is trying to bounce the ball from the backboard into the basket.

Inset—The center jump begins the game. Trust a tall gal with the ball for this important job. She'll have better luck tapping the ball on the tip-off.





When one maneuver to help Pinky didn't work out, Judy dreamed up another—and came down to earth with a thud

By ANNETTE TURNGREN
Author of "Mystery Rides the River"

IT wasn't Judy Wing's fault that she spent her January vacation deep in the heart of Texas. What she wanted was to have Captain Ted Baker come up to her flying school to visit her. But Ted couldn't leave the airport he had persuaded Sophia Moran, the cousin of one of Judy's students, to let him build on her ranch.

"Guess my come-hither is just an illusion," Judy grumbled, when she was bombarded with letters and wires from Cousin Sophia and from Ted, and with persuasion from Ellen, who hadn't seen her home state since Thanksgiving and was eager to have Judy repeat the visit they had made then to Cousin Sophia's ranch.

Judy raised a number of objections, which were promptly overruled by the other three. Her last and weakest argument wasn't even worth mentioning, but she threw it in for good measure.

"Will be dull for Ellen, spending two weeks on ranch," she wired Ted, after she had her bags packed and her plane ready for the trip.

Ted's answer was terse and straight to the point. It consisted of just one simple word: "Nerts."

When Judy and Ellen arrived they found the ranch teeming with planes, they bumped into a number of tall-dark-and-handsome who were helping Ted survey the airport site, and found Cousin Sophia bossing the boys around in grand style—and the boys loving it.

"I see what you mean," said Judy when she and Ted were alone on the ranch house veranda after lunch. She planted her boots on the railing beside Ted's and leaned her wicker chair back at a dangerous angle. "I only wish I'd brought the whole flying school with me. All my students, that is. It's a pity to have so many gorgeous young men on the scene—and only one gal."

"One gal?" Ted raised an eyebrow. "Thought I saw two at lunch."

Judy flared up. "A fine thing!" she said. "So I'm just another girl! I thought I was special—spoken for. But if I'm still in the running, just watch me run!"

Ted chuckled. "Just you try it, redhead!" he drawled. "Speed isn't everything. Think you'd get very far—with Pinky, for in-

stance?" He waved a thumb lazily in the direction of the field beyond the corral where one of his assistants, a tall fellow with a thatch redder than Judy's was warming up a small plane, ready to take off. Beside the plane Judy saw a slim girl in a red suit, with a bright scarf over her curls.

"Pinky isn't wasting much time," Judy said. "He's taking Ellen for a ride."

"That's what *you* think," teased Ted. "He's just wishing he had the nerve to ask her to go—if I know Pinky."

"If I know Ellen, he's going to have his hands full. She's a little minx," said Judy.

As they watched, a second plane came gliding in to a landing. With a wave of her hand, Ellen deserted Pinky, climbed into the second plane, and a moment later it zoomed off into the sky. Pinky's plane sputtered, wobbled briefly down the improvised runway, and took off in the opposite direction.

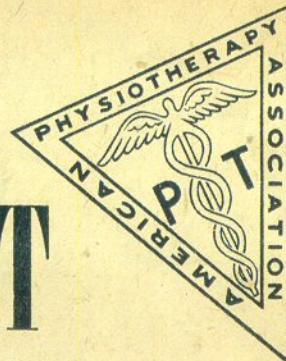
Ted threw back his head and roared. "The Air-Age brush-off," he chortled. "Neat, wasn't it?"

"Mmm," said Judy. "Very (Continued on page 44)

As the plane flew over, Judy flung more brush on the fire and looked toward the sky.

Your CAREER

As a PHYSICAL THERAPIST

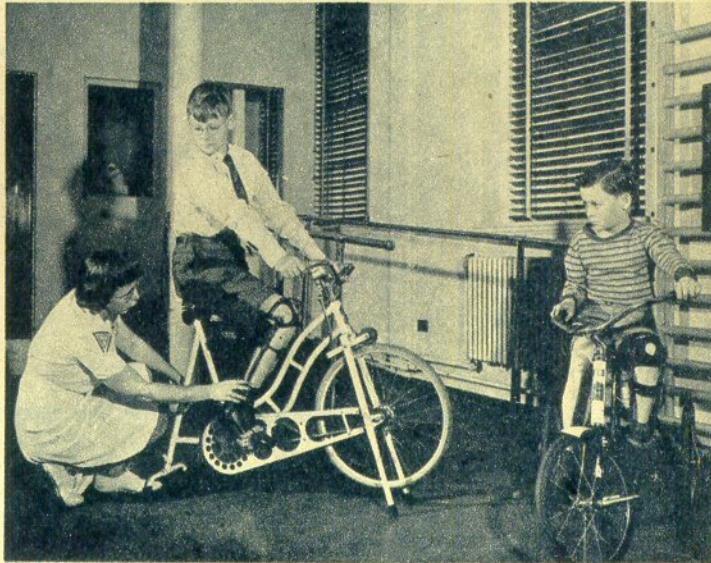


WHEN you look into the future these days, it's rather difficult to decide just what you want to do, isn't it? You wish you could pick your career with the same ease with which you select a scarf. But it's much more complicated than that, and it takes a bit of seeking and searching. For you want to find the perfect job, one that offers a matchless blend of professional success and an engrossing personal life jammed full of exciting people and interesting things to do. As much as you want success, you probably want the overall satisfaction of doing something useful, helpful, and necessary.

Physical therapy is a profession that offers all that. Physical therapy is a healing science—older than ancient Egypt but as new as atomic energy in its up-dated modern application. An indispensable part of the modern treatment of infantile paralysis, it is equally essential in the care of patients at Veterans Administration hospitals throughout the country. Industry, modern hospitals, and even private physicians are giving physical therapy an increasingly important place in the treatment of all sorts of illness. The need for trained physical therapists stretches out long years ahead into the future. Which means there will be plenty of jobs in this field when you finish school!

Just what is physical therapy? The Funk and Wagnalls dictionary defines it as the profession of restoring activity to injured or paralyzed parts of the body. By definition of the American Physiotherapy Association it means the treatment of disability, injury, and disease by non-medical means, comprising the use of massage, exercise, and the physical, chemical, and other properties of heat, light, and electricity.

In practice, its meaning is much warmer, more intimate. To the combat soldier, its significance was "solid." Thousands learned to regain the use of smashed muscles; amputees learned to walk again on artificial legs, to write with artificial hands. To the thousands who suffer from infantile paralysis, arthritis, or other crippling diseases, the meaning is similarly warm and helpful. Those who, through accidents, sustain broken bones, sprains, or strains have reason also to think well of it. To the student, the meaning of physical therapy is even more personal and challenging, for this power to heal lies in her hands, flows through her own fingertips. She is the "middleman" between physician (Continued on page 48)



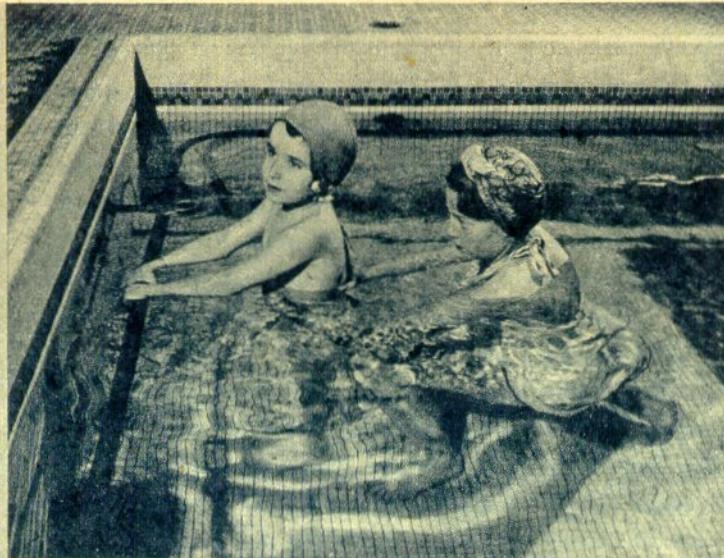
Re-educating muscles is important. This physical therapist is teaching the boys to pedal on a stationary bicycle and a regular tricycle while wearing leg braces.

Mel's leg was paralyzed by infantile paralysis, but constant physical therapy treatments enabled him to walk again. Here he is being given muscle re-education.



If you want exciting and vital work, and success as well as
satisfaction in a profession, physical therapy may be the answer

By **CATHERINE WORTHINGHAM**, Director of Professional Education
The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis



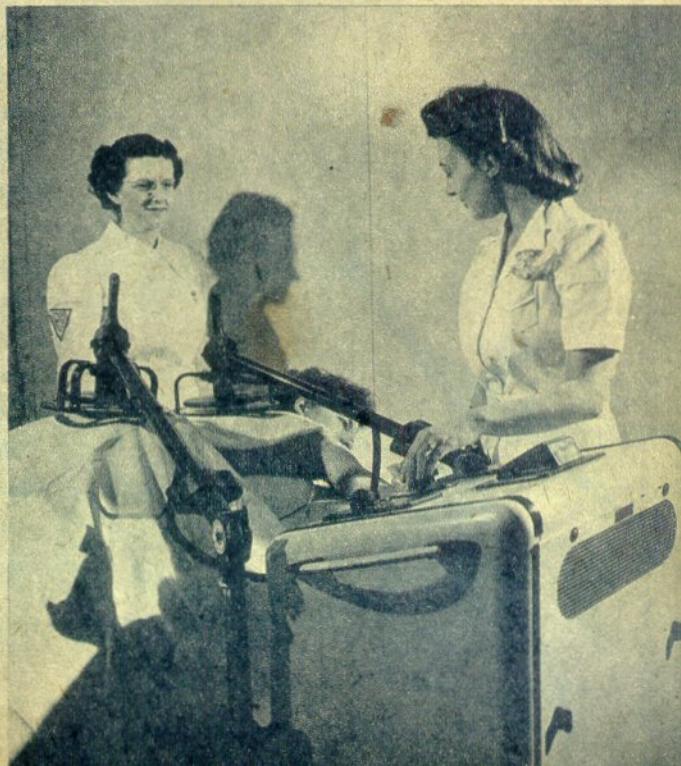
Learning to balance her weight while standing in water is Shila's first step toward learning to walk again. This underwater exercise comes under the heading of hydrotherapy.

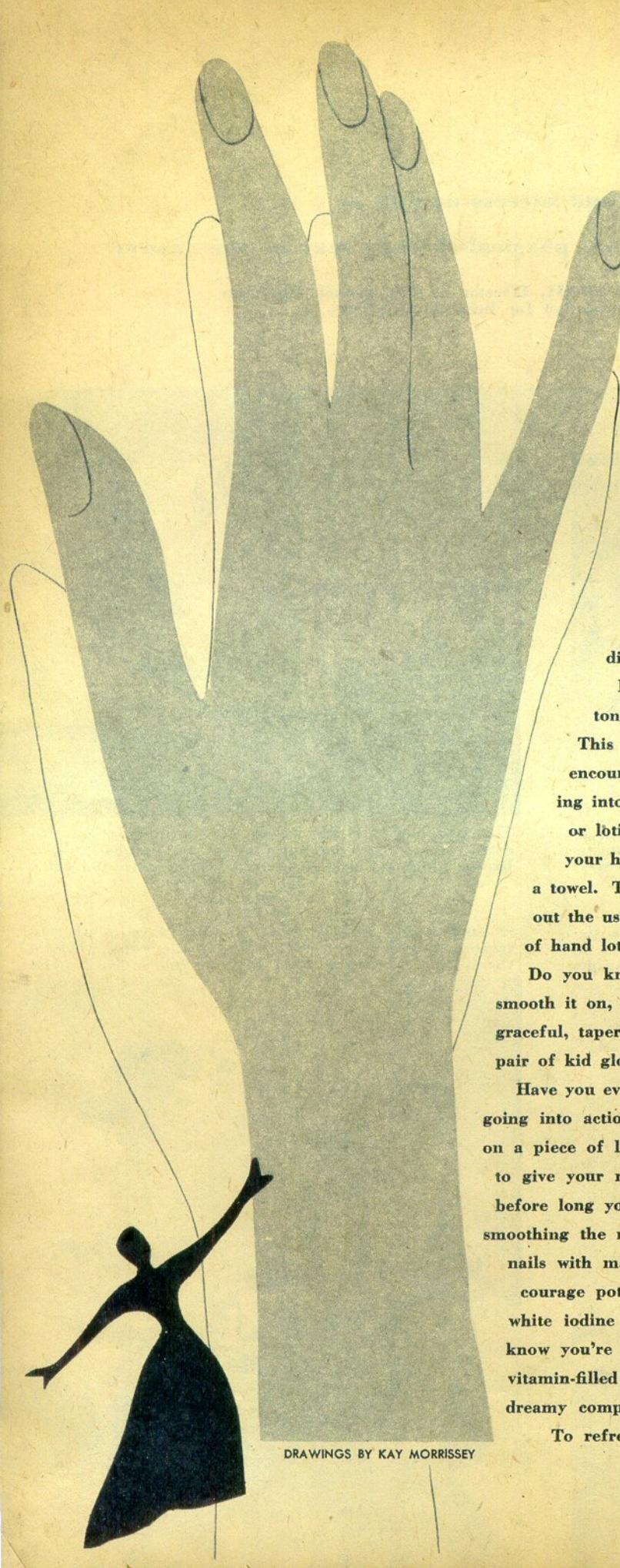
To help relieve pain, the physical therapist coats the patient's hands and arms in warm wax, then wraps them in wax paper and towels to hold the heat as long as possible.



This patient's hand and elbow were injured in an accident. To exercise the muscles, he grasps and pulls a handle which swings a pendulum weight under the table.

A student is administering a short-wave diathermy treatment under the supervision of the chief physical therapist. It is being used here to relieve back pain.





LADY

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor

Hands talk. Of course they do. They speak whether they're resting calmly in your lap, gesturing to illustrate a difficult point, or snuggled gently in your favorite man's bigger one. Cracked, chipped nail polish, and red, rough hands broadcast to the world that you're careless about grooming.

Acquiring beautifully cared-for hands and nails isn't difficult. It's a matter of adopting a few simple habits.

How about starting on a hand-improvement program tonight by volunteering to do the dishes for your mother? This little habit will make you Mother's angel as well as encourage a pair of smooth, beautiful hands. Before plunging into the soapy suds, use a protecting film of hand cream or lotion. When you've finished (quick job, wasn't it?) dry your hands thoroughly, and gently push back the cuticle with a towel. This gesture will keep your cuticle trim and neat without the usual cutting, not to mention biting. Another application of hand lotion and, presto! soft, clean hands.

Do you know there's a trick to applying hand lotion? As you smooth it on, stroke from the wrist out to the fingertips. To shape graceful, tapering fingers, pretend you are peeling off your tightest pair of kid gloves and press each finger from the base to its tip.

Have you ever watched the unappetizing spectacle of a nail nibbler going into action? Somehow we always think of a rabbit munching on a piece of lettuce. Frankly, lettuce tastes much better, too. Try to give your nails half a chance, plus a little encouragement, and before long you'll be proud of those ten little fingers. We suggest smoothing the rough edges with a pumice stone and clipping hang-nails with manicure scissors. Another trick to strengthen and encourage potentially beautiful nails is to apply a drop or two of white iodine on the base of each one before going to bed. We know you're tired of being told to drink plenty of milk and eat vitamin-filled foods. But beauty-making foods are necessary for dreamy complexions, glossy hair, and lovely hands and teeth.

To refresh your memory as to the steps of a really elegant

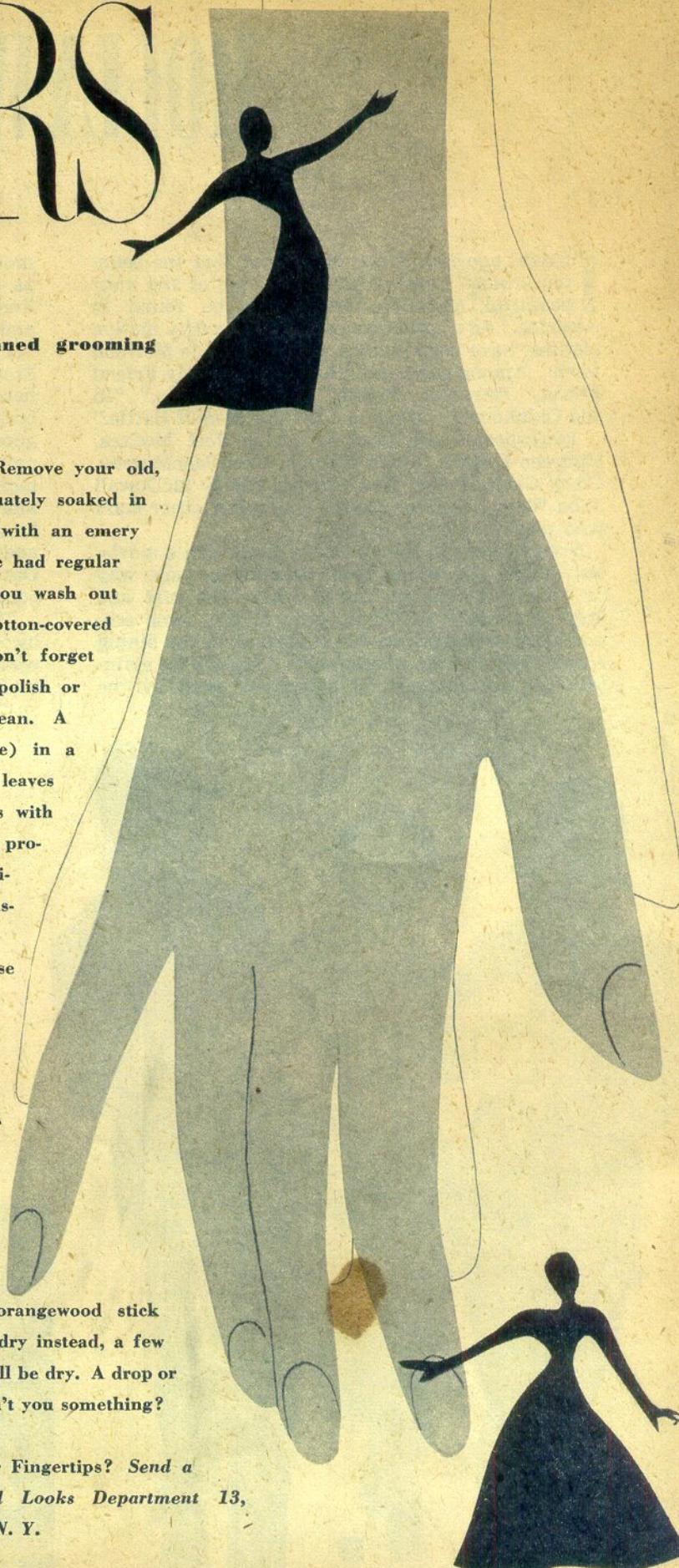
DRAWINGS BY KAY MORRISSEY

FINGERS

Are your hands sabotaging your well-planned grooming efforts? If so, here's the answer

manicure, you might follow this quickie routine. Remove your old, frayed nail polish with a big piece of cotton adequately soaked in oily polish remover. Shape your nails to an oval with an emery board. No dagger points, please! Cuticles that have had regular softening in the dishpan, or in the washbowl as you wash out undies, need only be pushed back gently with a cotton-covered orangewood stick saturated in cuticle remover. Don't forget to clean under your nails. Whether you wear nail polish or not, keep your hands and nails immaculately clean. A drop of white henna (obtainable at the drugstore) in a bowl of soapy water has a bleaching quality that leaves the edges of nails snowy white. Scrub your hands with a nailbrush, dry them completely, and apply a protective film of cream or lotion. Before polish application, use a base coat to prevent chipping and discoloration. Try one of the economical base- and top-coat combinations. (It does two jobs—the base coat prepares a foundation for your polish and the top coat adds lustre and protection.) At last, your favorite shade of nail polish. Don't go off the deep end and emerge looking like a siren with talon claws and blood-red polish. Your color scheme is liable to backfire with that baby-pink sweater or new plaid dress. Why not save time and energy by wearing colorless or pastel polish? Two coats do a professional looking job, but a single coat heavily applied gives adequate coverage. Clean up the excess polish with an orangewood stick before you apply the clear top coat. If you use oil dry instead, a few minutes of a favorite radio program and your nails will be dry. A drop or two of toilet water applied to your palms and là, aren't you something?

Would you like our manicure leaflet Right at Your Fingertips? Send a stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to Good Looks Department 13, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



HOLLYWOOD in UTAH

YEARS ago Hollywood discovered that the country around Kanab, Utah, has some of the most beautiful, primitive scenery to be found in America. As a consequence, more than fifty motion pictures have been made around this little Mormon town. Among them are "Buffalo Bill," "My Friend Flicka," "Arabian Nights," "Union Pacific," "In Old Oklahoma." The latest is "Bob, Son of Battle."

Townspeople are used to seeing Joel McCrea, Maureen O'Hara, Linda Darnell, Fred MacMurray, Clark Gable, Peggy Ann Garner, Roddy McDowall, John Wayne, Preston Foster, and many other stars who play in outdoor dramas.

Not everyone in Kanab works directly in a movie, but almost the whole town benefits in some way or other. At the big lodge where the cast and crew live while in Kanab, girls of the home economics classes work in the kitchen or in the dining room. Boys of the manual arts classes help maintain the vast amount of equipment used by the

motion picture companies. Some of the men work as carpenters constructing sets. Others drive the limousines used to transport Hollywood workers to and from location.

Creely Ackerman, who owns Kanab's General Store, says, "The money a movie company brings here is like manna from heaven. The movie folks borrow our cattle for pictures, return the cattle in good condition, and pay a handsome sum. Whereas most ranchers have to sell their cattle to pay off mortgages, many of our ranchers have paid off their mortgages just by lending their cattle. Our postmaster sells fifty times the normal amount of bonds and savings stamps sold in the usual town this size. Our boys and girls earn money toward their college educations and they have better clothes, too."

The gratitude of the town was evidenced recently by their action when a rancher, new to the business, wouldn't give a studio a right-of-way across his land for a few days for less than \$1,000. The usual



(1) Between scenes of "Bob, Son of Battle," a 20th Century-Fox picture, Peggy Ann Garner gets a lift from Sheriff George Swap, left, and Vern (Cowhide) Adams, Kanab regulars who play the part of English "bobbies" in the film. (2) The men of Kanab surround Lon McCallister in a scene from the movie, in which Lon plays the male lead. The bearded patriarch in the checkered cap is 77-year-old Myron Proctor, whose daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter worked with him before the cameras. (3) And here they are, all four generations! No wonder little Kay Henrie, the seven-year-old great-granddaughter, looks on acting as a family affair. (4) The same height, same weight, and same coloring won lucky Barbara Baardseth, right, a job as Peggy Ann's stand-in. Like the other Kanabites, Barbara earned \$10.50 a day.



Almost everyone in Kanab,

Utah, is "in pictures," because this

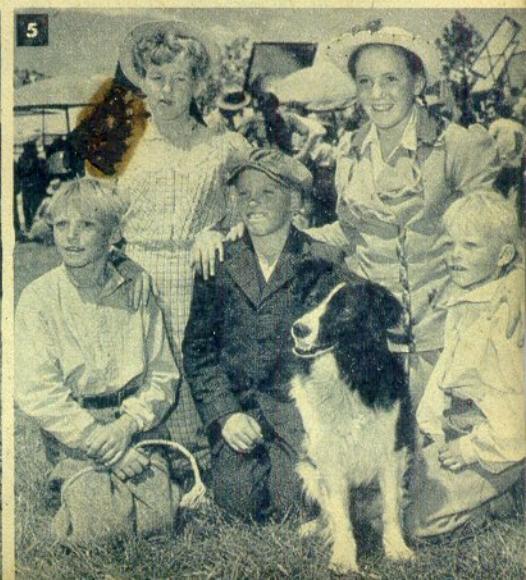
lovely country village is the scene of some
of your favorite movies

By MARY JORDAN, Hollywood Editor

sum is \$150. The young people of the town organized and informed the rancher they'd take up a collection of pennies and dimes among themselves, and of dollars from the grownups, to pay the difference. He changed his mind in a hurry.

Stars like to take their families to Kanab, too. Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake took their children with them to Zion National Park when they made "Ramrod" there. No one bothered them for autographs, or made a fuss over their children. Joel, Jr. and David McCrea enjoyed thoroughly talking over 4-H Club programs with the boys in southern Utah.

That's what Hollywood calls one of the nicest things about working in Kanab. They're treated as real people, and are never annoyed by celebrity stalkers. Kanabites understand that many stars consider acting a job, just like any other kind of work. As for Kanab, the town enjoys the spotlight Hollywood has turned on it.



(5) And speaking of look-alikes, these five brothers and sisters of Kanab had their hour before the movie camera, too, in "Bob, Son of Battle." It's a story of early days in Scotland, and with a little coaching, and costumes from the studio wardrobe, the townspeople fit right into their roles as canny Scotch country folk. (6) Honest Jim seems to have a hard time convincing these honest Kanabites that they ought to part with their hard-earned money, no matter what the odds are. It's all part of the picture. (7) Veteran actor Edmund Gwenn leads his dog through a scene. Dogs play a major part in the story, (8) Peggy Ann dances with Joe Brown, Jr., in a scene from the movie. During the summer months, this community dance pavilion is a recreation center for everyone in town, including the visiting celebrities from Hollywood.



Meg Wohlberg

Mayor MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

You just don't hear strange music
in the night and let it go at that. At least, you don't if you're
like Connie Martin—and love a mystery

By RUTH BERMAN



JEEPERS, it's a cold night!" Connie Martin pulled her wool scarf tighter around her throat and moved closer to Cap.

Across the wooden bench, Peggy Stone nodded into Stub Stevens' rosy face. She rubbed her nose with one mitten.

"My nose is still there," she announced in surprise. "I thought it must have frozen and dropped off by now."

Over the girls' heads, the boys exchanged amused glances and began to sing softly. "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear Connie . . ." And Peggy chimed in with her high soprano. Their words were punctuated by the jingling of bells and the sharp, fast trot of the horses as the light sleigh skimmed over the hard-packed snow.

It had been a happy birthday, Connie mused contentedly. Practically perfect. This Saturday-night sleigh ride, a surprise from Peggy and the boys, topped a day crammed with presents and a party and a special lunch at the Central City Hotel with her father, Mayor Martin. And now her birthday was almost over and she was on her way home. Bright stars twinkled in the winter sky. Soft shafts of moonlight flickered across the path, which was bordered on one side by snow-capped trees and on the other by high, white drifts. Shorty O'Brien slouched in the driver's seat, an old wool cap pulled down over his ears and the reins slack in his hands.

Suddenly Shorty straightened to his full five feet. There was a wild crashing noise among the trees. A deer streaked across the path in front of them and the horses backed and shied, jerking the cutter dangerously first to one side, then to the other.

"What the heck?" Cap clutched the side of the sleigh.

The sound of splitting wood grated in their ears. Then the worn traces gave way and the reins were yanked from Shorty's grasp. Both horses galloped away across the snow into the night blackness.

For what seemed like a moment out of time, the sleigh teetered on its slender runners. "We're going over!" shrieked Peggy, flinging her arms about Stub's neck. "We're going . . ." Her voice rose to a shrill cry. The sleigh tipped farther over and finally swung completely onto its side and dumped all the occupants head first into the snowdrift.

Peggy was still spluttering when she came up. Snow was all over her—in her eyes, her ears, and her mouth. A foot jerked against her stomach. She grabbed it and tugged.

"Hey, cut it out!" Stub's head popped up beside her. "That's mine." He disentangled himself and rubbed his leg tenderly. "You all right, Peg?"

"I guess so." Peggy wiggled her arms and legs to be sure no bones were broken. "What about the others?"

Stub brushed the snow out of his hair and glanced around. "That

Peggy was kneeling before the fireplace. She swung around to face Connie. "The ashes are still warm!" she gasped, her eyes wide.

looks like Connie and Cap over there." He pointed to two figures struggling through the drift toward the overturned sleigh. "I don't see Shorty. He probably got swallowed up completely."

"Well, come on." Peggy scrambled to her feet and promptly sank up to her knees in snow. "Gosh, it's deep" she giggled, catching at Stub's arm for support.

Connie and Cap were bending over Shorty when she and Stub got there. The little man lay sprawled out in the snow. His good-natured face was contorted with pain. Connie looked up, an anxious frown creasing her forehead.

"His foot got caught under the sleigh," she explained. "He ought to have a doctor."

"Listen to the girl," Shorty snorted, sitting up straight. "Just a squashed ankle, most likely." He scratched his wet head slowly. "Now, don't you kids get scared. Them horses'll head straight for home and a rescue squad'll be out by morning."

"But we can't stay here all night," wailed Peggy. "We'll freeze to death."

"Can't walk it, that's for sure." Shorty jammed his cap back on his head. "Too far, too cold, and you'd never find it alone. There's a deserted cabin hereabouts." He glared helplessly at his swollen foot. "Guess I can make it with two big strapping fellows like you to help. We can spend the night there."

"Yeah, but how's the rescue squad going to find us?" Cap asked logically. "They'll get as far as the sleigh, and then what?"

"It's beginning to snow, too," added Stub. "Our footprints will be covered by the time they get here."

"We could draw a rough map and tack it to the sleigh," Connie suggested.

Shorty beamed at her proudly. "Now,

there's a girl with a head on her shoulders!" He dug down into his pocket and produced a slightly sodden piece of cardboard. Accepting Peggy's lipstick with a silent nod of his head, he went to work on the map. "There now," he announced finally, "a work of art that'll lead them right to us."

"I hope so." Cap was still doubtful, but he took the rough map and fastened it grimly to the sleigh, while the girls gathered up the blankets. Then he and Stub formed a seat with their hands and hoisted Shorty up. Connie supported Shorty from the rear, and Peggy bounced ahead, lighting the way with her flashlight.

As they trudged along through the snow, Shorty interspersed his instructions with a tale about the cabin. A Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wilder owned it, he told them. They used to spend every summer there. Tom Wilder was a composer who was killed during the war in North Africa. Now, nobody ever used the place, and the cabin was slowly going to pieces.

"There it is now," he broke off finally, pointing to a sagging wooden structure which was just visible through the trees.

Peggy pushed the door open and flashed the light inside—past

an old broken-down piano, a dusty table piled high with sheets of music, a large fireplace. Two big kerosene lamps, still filled, stood at opposite ends of the room. Peggy hesitated at the entrance.

"It looks awfully spooky, doesn't it?" she whispered in a small, hushed voice.

Connie brushed past her and lit one of the lamps, while the boys deposited Shorty on the couch behind the table.

"Somebody's been here," she said suddenly. Her hand closed over a man's rough mackinaw which was flung over a straight-backed chair.

Peggy was kneeling before the fireplace. She swung around abruptly to face Connie.

"And not so long ago," she gasped, her eyes wide. "The ashes are still warm."

Cap and Stub came back from an investigation of the two back rooms with more evidence. "Lots of supplies in the kitchen," they reported, "and a man's briefcase in the bedroom."

The four friends stared at each other, dismay spreading over their faces. Then Cap turned to Shorty. "I thought you said nobody ever came here."

"Nobody ever does." Shorty was busy taping his foot with some adhesive Stub had unearthed for him. "Some poor wanderer probably got lost."

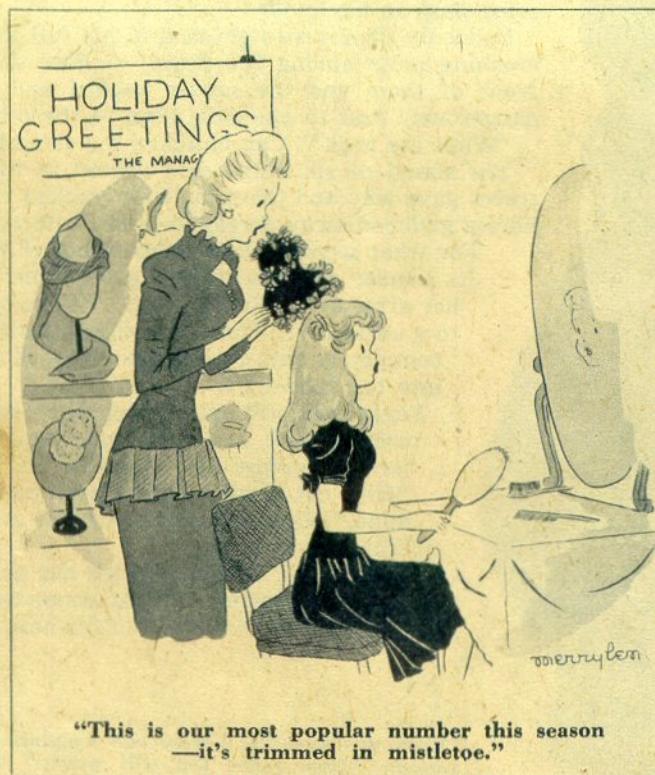
Cap sat down and rubbed his cheek thoughtfully. "Maybe, but . . ." His voice trailed off.

"More likely a gangster using the cabin for a hide-out," Connie buzzed in his ear. Her blue eyes were gleaming with anticipated excitement.

"What if he comes back and finds us here?" Peggy clasped her hands nervously.

"We'll worry then," Stub decided, sensible as always. "Right now we might just as well hit the hay."

It was the dead of night when Connie (Continued on page 56)



Fudge sauce is done when you can shape a few drops in water into a soft ball.
Roy Pinney Photo



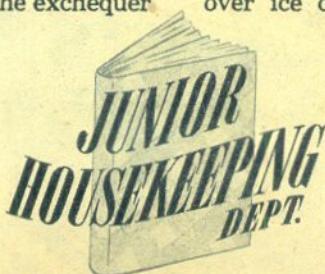
Ready! Set! Goo! And you're off to a luscious start that'll keep your sundaes—and you—way ahead

By JANE RICHARDS, Food Editor

It all began because of a belt. An absolutely sensational belt; pigskin, almost 5 inches wide, and studded with nailheads. Seems like a funny reason for starting something called a Sundae Club, but Gail simply *had* to have that belt. The exchequer said *no*. She wouldn't have a birthday for years, it seemed. It was Gail, moaning about that belt, who really began it. It seemed Cathy wanted a sweater, Ellen a pair of flats, and Nobby a pen she claimed would write under soda water of any flavor.

Everybody knew where their money went—movies and a place called the Tuck Shop. They could think of no homemade substitute for Alan Ladd, but they certainly could learn to pour goo over ice cream themselves and save money that way. So—the Sundae Club was born.

On Mondays at recess, the club held sessions to decide the sundaes for the week. All the mothers pitched in, bought what was needed to make the sauces, and often treated the girls to it. (Continued on page 65)



MOVIES THAT MATTER

Selected by **ELIZABETH NICHOLS**
Movie Editor

THE YEARLING is the story of a year in a boy's life, the year in which he first glimpses the responsibilities of adulthood and assumes some of them. But that year is so full of wonder and delight, as well as sorrow and pain, that living it with Jody (Claude Jarman, Jr.) is a rare and beautiful experience. His companionship with his father (Gregory Peck) on bear hunts, trips to town, or just sitting about the fire at home telling tales is warm with mutual trust and understanding. Jody's fawn will win your heart, too. Technicolor. (MGM)



SIoux City Sue brings Gene Autry back to the screen after five years during which time he served in the Air Force and when discharged went out as an entertainer. Gene is the same kindly fix-it man, decked out in resplendent shirts and ten-gallon hat, with his songs as ingratiating as ever. But he has a brand-new horse, Champion, who will cause many an equine star to neigh uneasily over his cinema laurels. (Republic)





IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE is Jimmy Stewart's come-back film with Donna Reed as his co-star and Frank Capra to direct them. The boy with the licorice is Jimmy as a lad. As you can see, part of Hollywood's magic is finding boy actors who actually resemble the grown-up stars they portray. (RKO)



GALLANT BESS gives Marshall Thompson (left) his first big role and what that boy does with it will zoom his popularity rating. Bess is a beautifully trained and intelligent horse who gets on famously with the hard-boiled Seabees, one of whom, George Tobias, discovers he has a sentimental streak. Scenes of jungle fighting and training Seabees alternate with humorous and touching scenes with boy and horse. Cinecolor. (MGM)

THE JOLSON STORY has Scotty Beckett playing Al Jolson as a boy, while Larry Parks is the grown man. They both look like Jolson, and they also resemble each other. But if you shut your eyes and listen, Al Jolson himself takes over, for he does all the songs except the ones Scotty sings. You'll soon forget this triple stuff, however, because the story and the restaging of old-time music and theatricals will engross your interest. As Jolson used to say, you ain't seen nothin' in the way of musical biographies until you see this one. The Technicolor is particularly pleasing. (Col.)



CARNIVAL MYSTERY

It took quick thinking—and plenty
of fast action—before Kay and Red got the
startling proof they needed

By BERCIAN

The Final Installment

TIME dragged on interminably for Red who was hidden in the evergreens outside the entrance to Mohawk Inn. Beyond the circle of light from the inn, bushes seemed to crouch in the silent darkness where the Sultan might still be lurking.

Restlessly Red shifted his position to glance at his watch. Half an hour since Kay had disappeared in search of Cramer! Red swung cautiously down from his perch and peered into the door of the inn. The lobby was deserted except for the desk clerk who was snoozing behind a shield of funny papers.

"Now what?" Red grumbled to himself, trying to quiet the worrying thoughts in the back of his mind. Cramer wouldn't need half an hour to refuse Kay's invitation to go to the picnic? Could he have taken her out through a different exit?

With a quick backward glance toward the empty lobby, Red decided to see whether the light was still on in the third-story window. Unable to shake the idea that the

Sultan might be out there in the darkness, he hugged the wall as he retraced his steps around the building. A few ivy leaves that had clung tenaciously through the storms brushed his cheek, but the solid feel of the wall reassured him.

Red peered upward. He could see the light still shining. More puzzled than ever, he took another step and came up sharply against something leaning against the wall of the inn. A stepladder had been placed against the wall beside Cramer's window!

Red's heart beat faster. What did it mean? Had Cramer forced Kay to leave by the ladder? Or had someone else decided to pay Cramer a visit? The Sultan, maybe! Wild thoughts rattled around in Red's mind as he tried to fit the pieces into place. What was the connection between the Sultan and Cramer, between the Carnival and Cramer? Vaguely Red recalled that he'd read something in the papers about the Carnival. Something had happened recently in another town, but he couldn't

remember exactly what it was.

Red stared up at the light once again, and suddenly his heart skipped a beat. He rubbed his eyes and stared harder. Sure enough, the light was flickering, as if someone were walking up and down in front of it. Then it shone forth steadily again, almost innocent-looking in the thick darkness. What was happening up there? The light flashes could be a signal for help. Kay might be in danger. The important thing was to get to her, and fast. Without further thought, Red gripped the sides of the ladder and began to climb, stepping lightly so that no sound would give him away. Once he stumbled, and the ladder trembled dangerously. He tensed against the rungs, steadied the ladder, and looked up. The light flashes were coming once more in quick succession. Swallowing hard, he set foot on the next rung and the next. As he neared the third floor, he swung his body well over to the side of the ladder, so that he could peer into the window.





Red couldn't make out the words, but he
saw that the man had a gun in his hand!

A. de Martini

What he saw inside the room sent cold shivers up his spine and a lump of fear to his throat. In a chair facing him sat Kay, hands and feet tied, a gag across her mouth. Cramer was on the bed, tied and gagged in the same fashion. A man with his back to the window was saying something to them. Red had considerable difficulty making out the words, but he saw that the man was clutching a gun in his right hand!

As Red watched, Kay suddenly jerked her whole body sideways several times, blocking the lamp on the table beside her so that the light flickered as before. So that was it. Kay had been signaling for help!

Swallowing nervously, Red lifted himself noiselessly to the window sill. Then, without thought of danger, he climbed swiftly into the room and tackled from the rear the man with the gun. They both went down in a heap. Caught off-guard, the man was momentarily overpowered. But as he recovered from his shock of surprise, he began to struggle wildly.

Red strained to subdue him, fighting with all the strength of his lithe body against the furious power of the man he now recognized as the Sultan. A few moments later, Red's legs were locked as in a vise between the Sultan's knees, and a thick arm pressed hard against his throat. Summoning all his strength, Red wrenched his body around. He clenched his fist and shot out, pounding savagely at the Sultan's shoulders and chest. His eyes were glazed now, and every muscle throbbed with pain. He was only half-conscious of a muffled gasp from Kay, as the Sultan fought to shake him off and to edge toward the gun which had been knocked from his hand when Red tackled him.

Over the top of her gag, Kay's eyes widened in horror at the unequal struggle. "Red's got to have help before the Sultan gets that gun," her thoughts ran feverishly. No use praying for a miracle. This called for action. But what could she do?

Her glance took in Cramer who was twisting and writhing on the

bed in a vain attempt to free himself. She made a quick decision. Cramer might be up to no good, but he couldn't be worse than the Sultan, who seemed desperate enough to murder them all. With an effort, Kay hoisted herself to her feet and, hopping, made her way toward Cramer. The rope cut cruelly into her ankles as she moved, but she managed to drag herself closer to the foreign correspondent. Excitement mounted

breath was coming in quick, exhausted gasps.

"Nice work, Red!" Cramer praised him. "Take care of Kay."

Kay's wrists and ankles ached and she massaged them gingerly after Red had released her. But her attention was still riveted to Cramer who had picked up the phone.

"Send for the local police authorities immediately." His tone was curt.

Red stared at Cramer. "Say, who are you, anyway?" he demanded.

Laughton Cramer smiled. "Just an ex-foreign correspondent, forced to play cops and robbers temporarily."

"Who's he?" Kay insisted, pointing to the Sultan who glared back at her.

"As you can see, he won't talk." Cramer was searching the Sultan's pockets systematically. He straightened and looked from Kay to Red. "By the way, what brought you two here?"

Red's face turned the color of his hair, and for once Kay stumbled for words. Then she admitted sheepishly, "We wanted to search your room because we suspected you were up to something."

"Well, you were right," Cramer encouraged her. "I am up to something."

"Then why did you call the police?" Kay puzzled.

Cramer grinned. "One thing at a time. You were telling me that I'm a suspicious-looking character. What made you think so?"

Kay and Red both began to talk at once. Between them they managed to explain to Cramer all they had seen, heard, and suspected from the day before when they had talked to him first in the lobby of the St. George hotel.

"Nice sleuthing," Cramer approved. "Now I . . ." He broke off suddenly and made a dive for the Sultan who had edged around behind them and was crawling slowly toward the door. "Get back there, you . . . What the . . .?" Cramer tripped over the Sultan's feet and both men crashed into the table, knocking the lamp to

(Continued on page 50)

What Comes Next?

From south of the border, a breath-taking
ADVENTURE IN MEXICO

by one of your favorite authors, Adam Allen. The first part of this exciting four-part mystery serial appears next month.

"This can't be happening to me," Tep Barrett thought. But it was. While Tep and Sylvia drove southward into sunny, sleepy Mexico, death rode in the back seat. Escape? Tep thought desperately of Larry and Dan Dolson, the boys they'd met at the border, of the FBI man, of what she herself could do to get word to someone, anyone. At the hotel—surely she could let someone know what was happening to her and Sylvia. And then . . .

But you'll find out all about it. Watch for the first chapter in the February issue of

CALLING ALL GIRLS

inside her as she noted that Cramer had managed to loosen slightly the bonds on his wrists. He held out his bound hands to her, and Kay's fingers worked clumsily at the cord.

At last Cramer's hands were free! Not taking time to untie his feet, he hurled himself off the edge of the bed. Kay watched him crawl to the pair who were grappling in the middle of the room. The Sultan appeared to have overpowered Red completely. With one arm pinning Red to the floor, the Sultan reached out for the gun just as Cramer rolled over it. Kay held her breath as the two men struggled for possession of the deadly weapon.

She saw Red pull himself together for one last lunge at the Sultan. He hung on doggedly until Cramer had seized the gun. Then, finally the Sultan was backing into a corner.

Red sprang up, untied Cramer's feet, and bound the Sultan. His

WILL THE CLASS

PLEASE COME TO ORDER

**Pride of the school—and
popular, too—are the gals who rate A's in good manners
from their classmates and their teachers**

By MARTHA ROSS

THE other day we ran into a young friend of ours on her way to school and asked her how things were going.

"Everything would be fine," she said, "if we didn't have so much to learn."

She had a point there. We passed it along to a teacher. The teacher smiled and said, "Everything would be finer if the pupils didn't forget so much they learned—*at home*."

And she had a point. Too often the lid slips off the good mannerly training that was learned along with your elementary please-and-thank-you routine. It sometimes seems as though in the realm of the classroom anything goes. Maybe it's the feeling that you're among friends that makes this true. But, honestly, don't the bars sometimes go down a little too far?

It's perfectly true that you don't have to stand at attention in front of your classmates, hold doors open for them, or offer them your seat, or go in for any of the rest of the formalized routine that springs from you as naturally as breathing when you are with the older generation. But some of the things that are taken for granted as classroom humor are, when you look at them in the cold light of honesty, just plain impolite.

Did you ever stop to think that whispering in class—aside from being against the rules—was rude? Basically it's rude because it means you're talking when someone is speaking to you, and of course that isn't done. Also it shows lack of consideration for the teacher and for your fellow classmates. You make the teacher's job much harder when you talk, you distract the other pupils who are trying to listen. Haven't you found it annoying if someone's idle chatter drowns out something you would like very much to hear? Then you will understand how your own whispering can be in poor taste.

Passing notes during class is just another form of whispering, under a slight disguise. You may be just bursting to tell the gal in the next aisle some tidbit of news you've heard, and it may be hard for you to wait until after class, but it will be a good practice to do so.

The feeling that you are lost in the herd of your contemporaries sometimes leads you to do things that you wouldn't be caught dead doing if you were all alone on a stage before them. But you're really enjoying a false sense of hiding, the ostrich-head-in-the-sand technique that makes you feel invisible in class. Out of sixty or so eyes, some are bound to be watching, and their owners judging you. For instance, if you knew someone important—or anyone, for that matter—was watching, you wouldn't chew cowlike over (Continued on page 62)



HIJACKER

(Continued from page 9)

at the most expensive hotel in town.

Actually, it didn't take too long to split the Sophomore class and even throw the town into a turmoil.

"I will not have it!" Martha Laughton exclaimed one evening. "You'll just have to drop all these shenanigans, Ginny. Sue Tucker's mother has been my friend for years, but she was decidedly cool at the Sewing Club this afternoon. She made some remark about persecution, and that's exactly what you've been doing—persecuting Sue Tucker just so that you can be Carnival Queen. Now, it must stop, Ginny.

"Besides, I heard this afternoon that you're going around with some of the girls you might better leave alone."

"Snobbish, Aunt Martha? Every girl's a vote, no matter what her social standing."

Ginny had been her aunt's favorite for so long that she was unprepared for the flare of anger her remark caused.

"Don't be flip, Ginny, and don't get the idea that I'm entirely stupid. Every school has some people in it who have none too savory reputations. If it's being snobbish to want a nice girl like you to avoid being tarred by their brush, then I am decidedly snobbish." Aunt Martha paused for breath. "I can't understand what's got into you. Actually, you're a likable, pleasant girl, and a pretty one, and you should get along splendidly with the group Sue moves with. But your ambition has driven you out of that nice bunch. Besides, you can't make me believe you're really happy."

Before Ginny could reply, Steve rang the doorbell. "Let's take in the movies," he suggested, and his manner was decidedly morose.

"Is something eating you, too?" demanded Ginny after they had walked a silent block. "I just got what-for from Aunt Martha. So you might as well tell me what you're growling about."

"Oh, I don't know, Ginny." Steve kicked a snowbank idly. "It's just that Collie and Sue and the kids are having a platter party tonight."

"And you wanted to go."

"It isn't this party particularly," Steve said miserably. "It's everything, lately. Collie Adams and I were

always pals before, and the gang was swell to me."

"Well, Steve Dyer, maybe you'd better go to their platter party." Ginny's voice was choked with angry tears. "I can get home alone very nicely."

"Ginny, don't be like that," Steve commanded. "You know I like going out with you. You're swell, except for this obsession you've got about being the biggest frog in the Lambertville puddle. It's getting you in bad all the way around. Even the faculty's noticed. I heard old Proctor say they'd have to keep an eye on you, because you seemed a born troublemaker." Steve looked at Ginny earnestly. "And honestly, kid, it isn't going to do you a bit of good. You're trying to hijack leadership instead of earning it. And you'll never get away with it. Won't you give up? How about it?"

Ginny's answer was to turn and run for home.

She was relieved to find that Aunt Martha had gone out. Ginny sat in the big chair and stared stonily ahead. Steve was right. Aunt Martha was right. Even old Proctor was right. Ginny Wald was the great feeble-minded ninny. Sue Tucker was exactly the girl she would have liked to chum around with. And Sue had been ready to be her friend. But no, she'd had to play it smart. Just as Steve had said, she'd tried to hijack leadership, and now she cer-

tainly was up to her ears in a mess.

"I need advice," Ginny muttered. The best adviser she knew was Dad. She got the operator, and lights flashed and circuits closed across the country to bring Dad's voice over the wires. Ginny explained as quickly as she could.

"Better make friends with that Sue Tucker," Dad advised, "and forget being queen. You're queen in our family."

The tears were thick in Ginny's throat as she asked, "But how, Dad? I've been awfully goopy to Sue."

The Long Distance Operator's voice interrupted. "Your three minutes are up, please."

Dad shouted over the phone, "To make a friend, let her do you a favor." The connection was cut off.

"I must have misunderstood," concluded Ginny as she hung up. "He probably said, 'To make a friend, do her a favor.' The connection wasn't very clear."

Immensely comforted, Ginny made a peanut butter and banana sandwich and sat down in the kitchen to plan ways and means of doing Sue Tucker a favor—a big, gracious, cordial favor.

"Once I figure it out, Sue and I will be friends," Ginny thought hopefully. "Dad really knows his psychology."

The days sped by, but Ginny was hardly aware of them. She tried one or two gestures of friendship in Sue's direction, but Sue wasn't having any. Ginny couldn't blame her.

"It's got to be a favor with plenty of zing to it," Ginny concluded. "Saving her life would be super. The only trouble is I'd like to be friends right away, and it may be years and years and years before Sue needs anybody to save her life. Oh, golly, what I wouldn't give for a good, big, ripe favor!"

Tuesday was so fine, so crisp, so bracing that Ginny grabbed her skates after school.

"Maybe I'll think of something out there by myself on the river," she mused, as she laced her skates.

It was an afternoon for a child's picture book—the river caught fast in its silver sheet, the snow piled high and white along its banks, a healing silence lying on the river's shoulders like a (Continued on page 38)

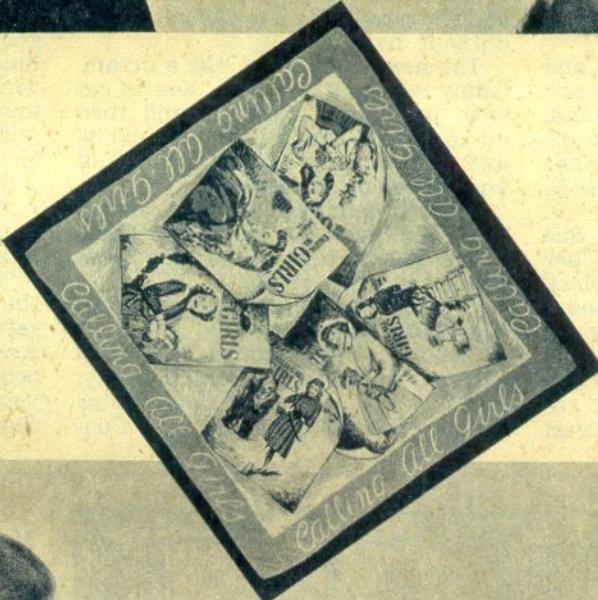


"What makes you think Junior has been in your room, Jean?"

WEAR A COVER-GIRL SCARF



Six *CALLING ALL GIRLS* front covers on a 36-inch square of rayon crepe or sheer Bemberg rayon, created by Babe. Four popular Cover Girls in Koro-seal raincoats show how to wear it. **June Ross**, above, November Cover Girl, knots her scarf, gypsy fashion, with long ends loose. **Eileen Howley**, below (remember her on the June cover?), wears hers as a snood—isn't it becoming?



Betty Cornell, above, on this month's cover, pins her Cover-Girl scarf neatly under her chin to show more of the printed design. **Janet Regan**, below, September Cover Girl and star of the *CALLING ALL GIRLS* Movie, knots the ends of her scarf underneath, leaving the back hanging down. At most of the *CALLING ALL GIRLS* Stores listed on page 66, or write in to us for where-to-buy information.



HIJACKER

(Continued from page 36)

quiet and contented living thing.

"It's wonderful!" Ginny pushed back her sweater sleeves and raised her hands to touch the sky already shadowed by the coming twilight.

Rounding a curve, she saw a group of skaters—Sue Tucker and Collie, Jewel Beam and two or three others. As Ginny watched, Sue glided away from the fire and shot down the river, obviously as intoxicated with the day as Ginny had been. Collie Adams let out a whoop and chased after her. Ginny, for one brave moment, thought of skating to meet Sue. But she turned and fled.

As she shot around the curve, Ginny glanced back. The last thing she saw was the brilliant scarlet flirt of Sue's brief skating skirt. Then there was blackness and falling and icy water that bit more and more deeply into her wool-clad body.

A loud shriek penetrated the blackness, and then two hands fumbled at her arms and held. Vaguely, Ginny could feel their power even through her heavy sweater.

There was a clatter of skates and loud, excited voices split the air. Then sharply came Sue's command.

"For Pete's sake, don't rush on us, or we'll all go in! She caught her skates on something and hit her head. I've got her."

Ginny's head began to clear. Sue was stretched out on the ice, her arms firm under Ginny's. The black water dragged, and the ice beneath Sue's body cracked protestingly.

Dimly Ginny perceived that the others were hastily lining up as Sue instructed them, Collie playing anchor man because he was strongest and heaviest, Jewel grasping Sue's ankles because she was lightest and least likely to break the ice.

"Pull!" ordered Sue, and the human chain strained while Sue clutched at the sodden, heavy mass that was Ginny. The ice crackled ominously, but the chain backed farther and farther until Ginny lay gasping and safe on solid ice.

"Get her to the fire," Collie suggested.

"The fire, my foot!" Sue scoffed. "She'll get pneumonia. Start the jalopy, and give me your jackets."

By the time Collie had the car racing down the road, Ginny's teeth were chattering faster than the tappets in the jalopy. When the boys had rushed her into the Laughton house, Aunt Martha

could only stand and stare.

"Will you make some hot lemonade for Ginny, Miss Laughton?" Sue prodded gently. "Collie, shake up the furnace and get this house as warm as you can. Jewel, draw a good, hot bath." Sue was hustling Ginny up the stairs all the while she talked, and then Sue's hands were pulling the wet clothes from Ginny's chilled body.

"In you go." Sue pointed to the steaming bathtub.

Jewel, armed with the bathbrush, scrubbed enthusiastically until Ginny's blood sang in her veins. Both girls bundled her into pajamas and into bed and Aunt Martha, again in command of herself, appeared with hot lemonade.

"I called Dr. Macomber, just to be on the safe side."

The hot bath and the hot lemonade, the extra covers on the bed, and the heat Collie sent up from the furnace were too much for Ginny, and she dozed off. Sue and Jewel left without her knowing it.

The next day passed like a dream. Ginny wakened now and then to eat with prodigious appetite, and then dozed again. Twilight came quickly, and at last Aunt Martha hustled in and turned on the lights.

"Comb your hair and put on my lace bed jacket," she whispered.

Sue Tucker and Collie and Steve tiptoed into the room.

"I'm not sick," Ginny protested. "Be yourselves."

"About the Winter Carnival Queen . . ." Steve began uneasily.

"Oh, of course," interrupted Ginny. "Election was today. Con-

gratulations, Sue. You'll make a sweet queen, and I really mean it."

Sue giggled infectiously, and fixed Collie and Steve with a commanding eye. "Go on, you goons. Confess."

Collie looked at his hands, and Steve squirmed. "Well, you see, Ginny, Collie and I have been friends for a long time."

"And we thought," mumbled Collie, "that this feud you girls had on wasn't helping any, and so . . ."

"Well, we thought . . ." Steve faltered to a stop, too.

"Men have such courage!" scoffed Sue. She grinned at Ginny. "They thought that if neither one of us was Carnival Queen, we'd stop this silly bickering."

"Besides," Collie continued doggedly, "there are lots of kids who come into school from the country, and they were pretty tired of always having a town girl elected. You girls forgot that the fellows have a vote each on this queen stuff . . ."

"So," finished Sue, "these two goops lined up every boy solidly behind the prettiest girl in the school, who also happens to live outside the town limits—Jewel Beam."

The three of them looked anxiously at Ginny. "Do you mind awfully?" asked Sue.

Before Ginny could do more than shake her head, Aunt Martha came in with her best tray.

"I forgot to tell you," she said, as she negotiated the loaded tray to safety, "your parents called from Arizona. I told 'em what had happened, and they said not to waken you. But your father left a message." A puzzled frown creased Aunt

Martha's forehead. "He said that when he told you the best way to make a friend was to let her do you a favor, he didn't necessarily mean that you had to half-drown."

"Oh, my gosh!" gasped Ginny. "I thought he said to do Sue a favor."

Sue looked at Ginny and smiled without restraint. "So you wanted to end this crazy fight, too?"

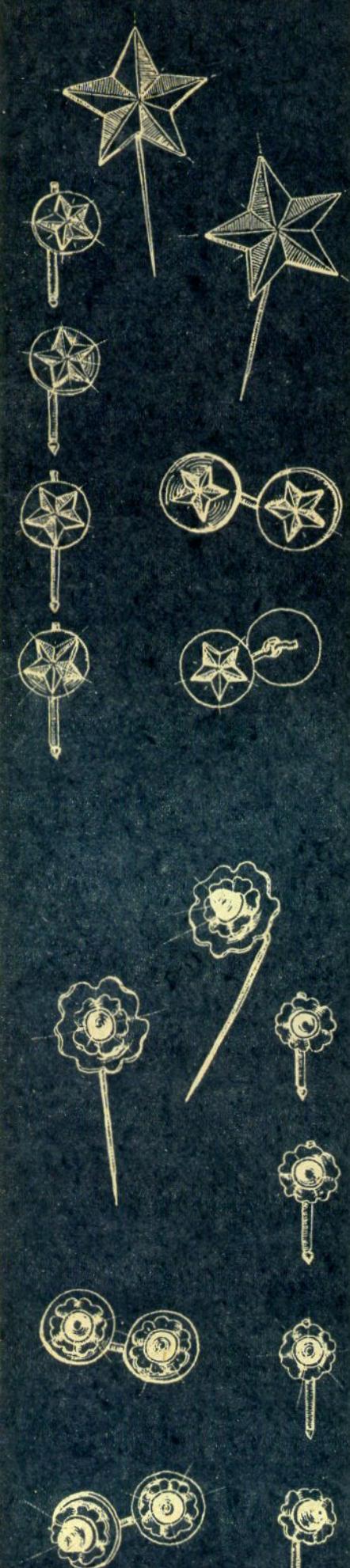
Steve poked Collie affectionately in the ribs and took a huge bite of sandwich. "Now life in Lambertville can settle down and be some fun for a change. What are you gals going to wear when we take you to the Carnival?" Steve winked at Collie. "That'll keep 'em so busy that we'll get every sandwich on the tray."



"He's so changeable. First it's his ways—then it's his mind—and now it's his voice!"

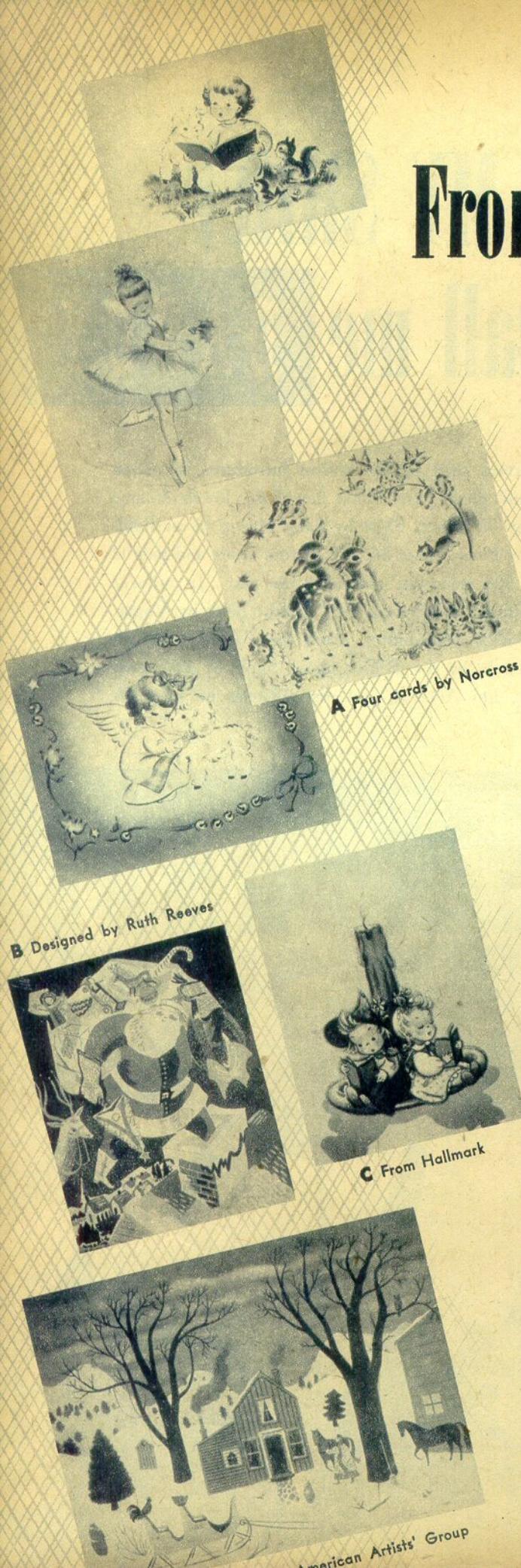
STUD MY SHIRT and call me **DANDY**

THE most important shirt of the season introduces the Beau Brummel collar and tie and the brand new Shirt Jewels created especially for it by Werthley. Shirt by Sally Mason of washable Chamikin rayon by Bates, about \$6. Set of four studs and pair of cuff links, about \$3; stickpins, about \$1 the pair. In tailored star or stone set flower designs on gold metal. Belts by Vogue. Shirts, complete with pearl-button studs and links, and the separate Shirt Jewels in the High School Shop of Broadway Department Store, Los Angeles, and many Stores on page 66.



DRAWINGS BY MARGARET BLOY GRAHAM





From GREETINGS to *Glamour*

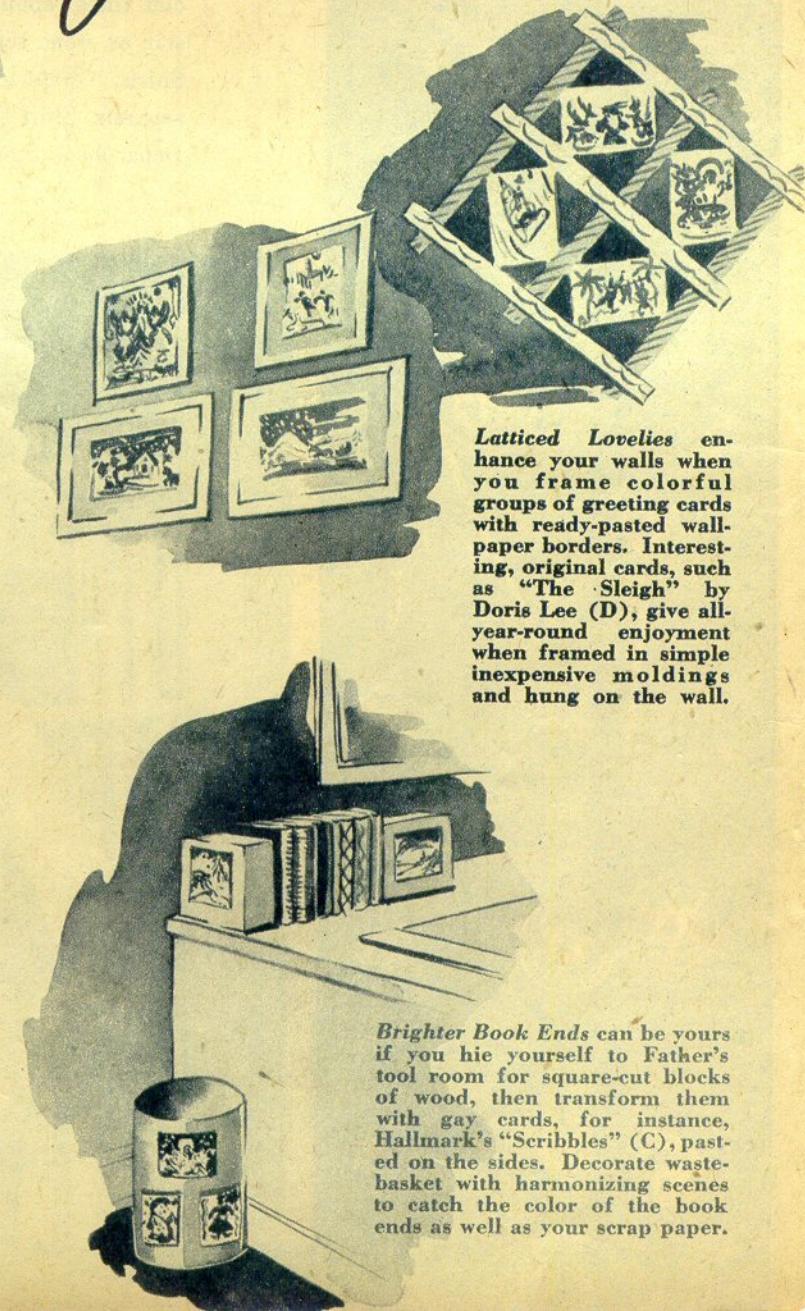
By MAXINE LIVINGSTON,
Decorating Editor

A Four cards by Norcross

B Designed by Ruth Reeves

C From Hallmark

Latticed Lovelies enhance your walls when you frame colorful groups of greeting cards with ready-pasted wallpaper borders. Interesting, original cards, such as "The Sleigh" by Doris Lee (D), give all-year-round enjoyment when framed in simple inexpensive moldings and hung on the wall.



American Artists' Group

Brighter Book Ends can be yours if you tie yourself to Father's tool room for square-cut blocks of wood, then transform them with gay cards, for instance, Hallmark's "Scribbles" (C), pasted on the sides. Decorate waste-basket with harmonizing scenes to catch the color of the book ends as well as your scrap paper.

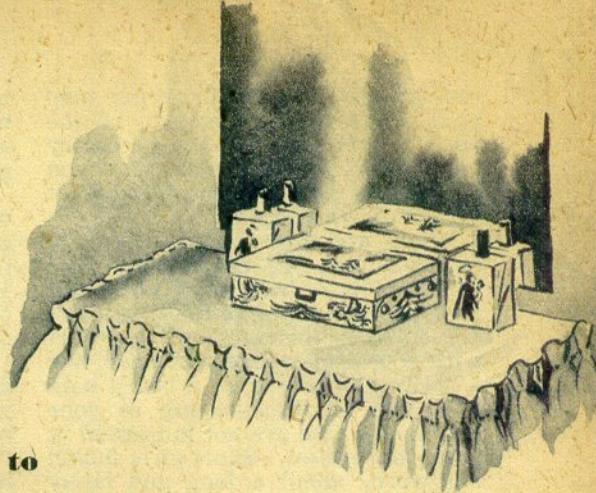
If you've saved your 'specially favor-

ite greeting cards, here's more than one card trick

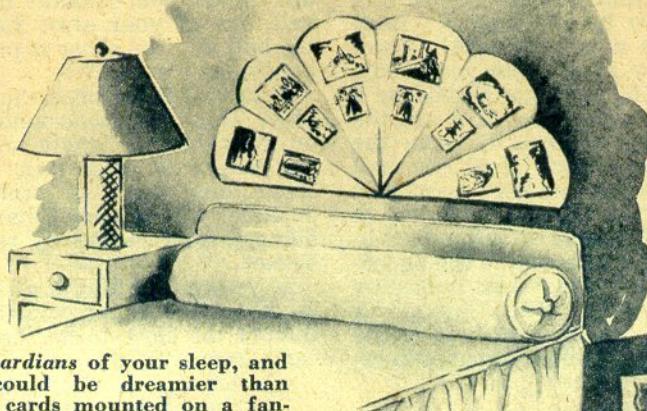
which can win glamour for
your room. Screens, desks,
wastebaskets, and walls
will share color honors, and all you
need is a pair of scissors, some
paste or tape, and, of course,
your own ingenuity. But remember to

send some of your prettiest cards to the children in hospitals.

Suggestions by Helen Royce.



Card Cut-Outs gild the lily when pasted or shellacked on a jewelry box or on those sun-catching cologne bottles atop your primping table. Cut out a wistful-eyed cherub or a fleecy lamb from your favorite greeting cards. If you have two cards alike, match the decor of your cologne bottles with twin diminutive "Little Ballerinas" (A), one for each side of the jewelry box. If box is small, use whole card as a cover for the top.



Gay Guardians of your sleep, and what could be dreamier than cherub cards mounted on a fan- or billowy cloud-shaped panel cut from cardboard or composition board? Hang it right over your bed and let the angels watch over you! (Use library paste or rubber cement to secure the decorations.)

Screen Scenes. Paint a folding screen oyster white or soft gray as a background for your own private "art gallery." Carry out some favorite theme in card pictures and let every panel tell a different story. Use Scotch or gummed tape to attach cards firmly to screen. Shellac to add durability and luster.

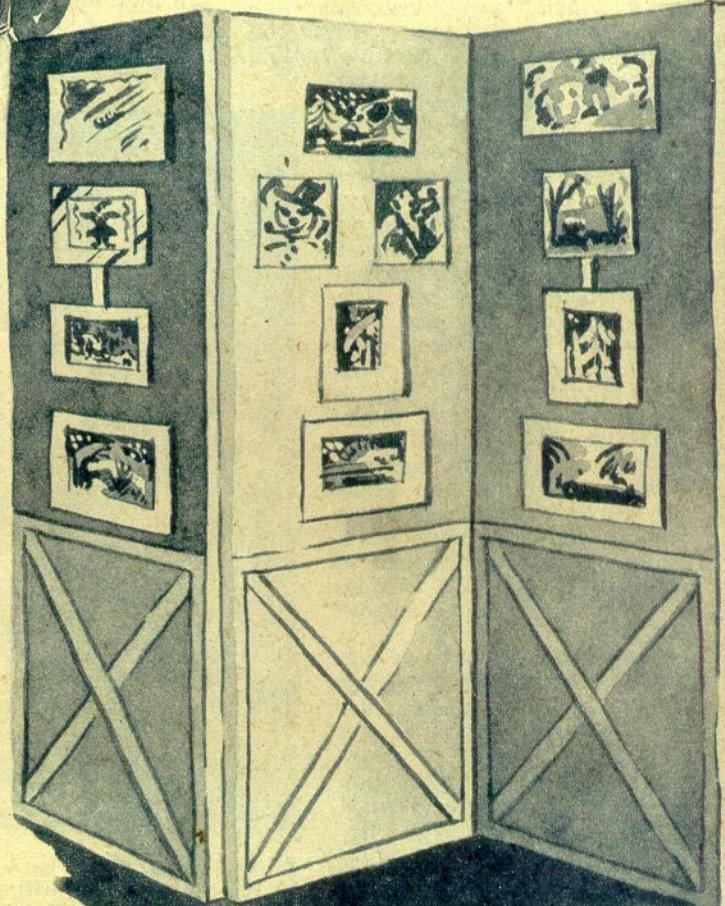
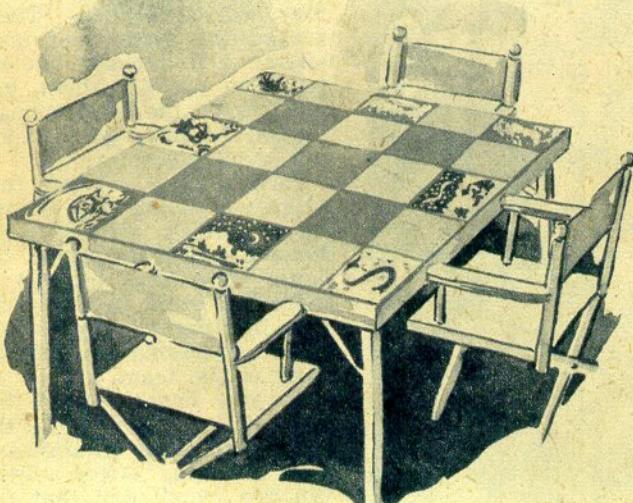


Table-Top Topics. Plenty of conversational interest will center around the card table if on top you space large, boldly-designed cards checkerboard fashion. Choose a zestful St. Nicholas (B) with an overflowing sack, or any of your most interesting and beautiful cards which will make congenial companions and also pick up and accent the color keynotes of your room.



HOOPS, MY DEAR!

(Continued from page 17)

the ball goes off your fingertips, snap your wrist in the direction of the pass to give the ball the necessary momentum, but remember that you are close to your teammate and don't throw the ball too hard.

There are other passes, like the overhead and the chest pass. The overhead is a swell pass for a tall girl. In fact, if you're really tall you can stand in the center of the court with your arms above your head, like a bathing beauty with a beach ball. This will be discouraging to your teammates who are not interested in poses, but passes. Short girls should not worry about a long and lanky opponent. Very few girls can shoot well from the overhead position; and although you may find it hard reaching up to intercept the ball, she'll have trouble bending down to snatch it from you. Of course there are advantages to being a good, tall player, but it's really hard to pilfer the ball from a small, speedy girl.

The bounce pass is very effective because it's a hard one to intercept. When your opponent guards you closely, pretend a shot or a high pass. As your opponent's arms fly up to block the ball, you throw a nice, low bounce pass to a teammate. You'll find it easy then to sneak around your amazed foe and receive a return pass.

The easiest passes to catch are those which are received waist-high or near the shoulders. When you catch the ball, you should be heading toward it. Be sure that whenever you catch, your wrists, elbows, and fingers are relaxed and your palms cupped.

Passes, plus the forward bounce or dribble (same thing) bring the ball down the court to scoring position. Under girls' rules, you're permitted only one bounce, then you must pass or shoot. Furthermore, among the ladies only the forwards can score. Most schools play this way although there's a real movement to adopt boys' rules which permit unlimited continuous dribbling and allow any player to score. (In many leagues girls play boys' rules, using five players instead of the usual six. But fundamentals of the game remain the same.)

The dribble is lots of fun because when you become tricky you'll be able to use the forward bounce to get into better position for passing or shooting. Dribbling seems a bit difficult at first because like everyone else you'll be slapping or batting at the ball instead of guiding it by wrist action. When you slap the ball you'll find that it bounces back too fast and

too hard to be handled easily. You must always be master of the ball and it must be always under your gentle control.

By crouching slightly over the ball when you dribble and by keeping it centered in front of you, you and ball won't have any trouble at all. You can understand that the lower the bounce, the less chance of your opponent stealing the ball.

But now your team has passed and dribbled and a perfect pass goes to you. In basketball jargon you've been "fed" the ball. If you're quite far from the basket and in front of it, you'll probably try to sink the shot cleanly—that is, toss it through the hoop without hitting the backboard. If you're shooting from the side, you'll usually try to bank your shot off the backboard. Such shots are made with the ball in chest-high position. It should not touch your palms, but should be gripped firmly (not tightly) by the fingers. Keep your elbows near your side! Don't let 'em stray away from your body. Your shooting position begins in a crouch and your eyes are on the hoop (or the backboard) from the moment you crouch until the ball whistles through the net or—misses.

A shot which takes a good deal of practice but which is rewarding in exercise and excitement is the under-the-basket toss which real hoopsters call the "lay-up." The "lay-up" is made as the player leaps toward the basket from a position almost direct-

ly under it. It is an approach shot from very close distance. Approach shots from the side are aimed at the backboard and those from in front are swishers—clean through the net. Your shooting hand (usually it's the right) holds the ball and the other hand acts as a balance near the top of the ball. Then up you go, stretching and reaching for that basket. At the height of your leap you release the ball from your shooting arm and as the ball flicks smoothly through the basket, you land with knees relaxed. Those relaxed knees will make the landing as gentle as possible.

The key rule of defense is to stay between the gal you're guarding and the basket. Before your opponent has the ball you are not allowed to put your arm in front of her; but if you try to intercept a pass or she has the ball, be sure to get your arm up! When your friendly foe has the ball, one of your arms stays above the ball and the other is prepared to knock down a pass.

Footwork is important to defensive play. Don't flounce around the court on your heels. Shuffle along with the weight on your toes, and don't cross those feet. A pretzel-footed defender will be very ashamed when her opponent dashes by toward the basket.

If you're guarding a girl near the center of the court, you don't have to stay too close to her because she can't very well score from that distance, but when play is near the basket, guard her like a leech. Be alert for tricks!

When your opponent gets ready to shoot, remember that it may be a fake to make you jump up in the air. Don't be all up in the air when you realize that Lulu of the other team is skipping by on her way to the basket. There are several systems of team offense and defense, but before you practice them, you must know the fundamentals—good passing, good shooting, good guarding.

Basketball is a game that keeps you on the go. What's more, there's always room for a steady team player, because that kind of girl is more important in basketball than the "flashy" player who's more interested in herself than in the team.

If you haven't tried the hoop sport, dash down to the gym with some chums and start the fun. After a little practice, you'll find that the ball is really small enough to fit into the basket and that the game is not only exciting and fascinating but it will fit very nicely into your schedule of school activities.



No teen-age problems here—not since a garage owner in Jacksonville, Fla., invited teeners to use his garage for dancing every Monday night. He provides the orchestra and soft drinks, too—and for free. He has two daughters of his own. *Wide World Photo*

JABBERWOCKY and JIVE

NEW YEAR'S REVOLUTION

I planned on January first
To be an angel-child or burst.

I bowled 'em over with my
charm—
At dawn I rose with the alarm.

I saw a show, but only when
I knew I could be home by ten.

I did my math in view of Mon-
day—
And I ignored a hot fudge sundae.

Until Mom said to Dad, "Why,
Dick,
Do you suppose the child is sick?"

I'd hate to cause such anxiety
So I've decided to be me.

Besides, it's harder than I'd reck-
oned—

You see, it's January second.

MOVIE DAFFIES

Devotion—Something you wish
your O.A.O. would give you
more of.

Valley of Decision—What you're
in when two B.T.O.'s ask you
to the prom.

A Stolen Life—The time you
played hooky.

Night in Paradise—Saturday eve-
ning.

The Stranger—New man in town.
Till the End of Time—Homework
(seems as if).

Grand Illusion—The straight A's
you dreamed about.

Without Reservations—That train

trip that you've been planning.
Notorious—Class expert at note-
passing.
No Time for Comedy—Exam
week.
Heaven Can Wait—You're having
too much fun right now.
Lucky Partners—You and your
O.A.O.

JOKES THAT JIVE

Boy: Pardon me, for walking
on your feet.

Gal: Oh, that's O.K. I walk
on them myself.

Man: Waiter, there's a splinter
in my cottage cheese.

Waiter: Whadya want for a
dime—the whole cottage?

First Ghost: How did you get
that bump on your head?

Second Ghost: Oh, I was com-
ing through the keyhole as usual
and just then someone put a key
in.

First Moron: If I turn on my
flashlight beam, will you climb
up it?

Second Moron: Nope, 'cause as
soon as I get to the top, you'll
turn it off.

ALPHA BETICS

Initials ain't what they used to
be. Here's a batch with meanings
which have a past and a future
in teen-aged vocabularies.

A.W.O.L.—A Wolf on Loose.

M.S.—Man Snatcher.

B.S.—Bachelor Snatcher.

A.D.—After Dark.

A.P.O.—Aren't People Obnox-
ious?

D.D.T.—Don't Do That!

S.W.A.K.—Some Women Are
Krazy.

P.H.D.—Plenty Heavy Date.

F.O.B.—Femme Over Board.

P.S.—Please Stop.

F.B.I.—For Big Intellectuals.

I.Q.—I Quit.

C. O. D.—Come Over, Dear.

You can dream, can't you? And
you can make it pay off by dreaming
up an Utterly Fantastic Situation gag.
Send in your original gag to Jabber-
wocky and Jive Editor, *Calling All
Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York
17, N. Y. If it clicks, our artist will
draw the cartoon and you will get \$1
on publication. Be sure your name
and address appear on each gag. All
gags we buy become the property of
Calling All Girls. None of them can
be acknowledged or returned.



"A's, A's, A's—all A's. They're driving me crazy. When
will I ever get an E or a D?"

Gag by Fran Hlada, Detroit, Mich.

JUDY WING

(Continued from page 19)

funny." She brought her chair down with a bang. "All right Mr. Wise-aces, who do you think is going to win the fair Ellen? Or can't you prophesy this early in the game?"

It took a while for Ted to ponder the problem. "Darned if I know," he said at last. "All I know is who's coming in last—and that's Pinky."

There was a wicked smile on Judy's face as she stood up. "Remind me to remind you of that one of these days," she said. And, hands in pockets, she stalked into the house.

Cousin Sophia, in plaid shirt and dungarees, a checked apron tied about her waist, was stacking dishes.

"Here, let me wash them," Judy said quickly.

"What's the sense of that? You get out there on the porch with your young man!" Cousin Sophia ordered.

When Judy insisted on helping, Cousin Sophia gave her a shrewd look. "What's up? You two haven't been fighting, have you?"

"Of course not!" Judy flushed.

"Ted's gone on you, that's plain," Cousin Sophia said. "Just like Pinky's gone on Ellen." She chuckled. "Ellen doesn't cotton to him much, though."

Judy polished a glass and said nothing.

"I'm mighty fond of that boy," Cousin Sophia went on, her eyes twinkling. "Make a nice match, those two. And I'm aiming to help it along all I can."

A twinkle came to Judy's eyes, too. She set the glasses in the cupboard and started on the silver.

"Ellen doesn't know you're plotting against her, does she?"

"Jeepers, no!" said Cousin Sophia, and laughed. Ellen mustn't catch on. But I know about such things. She can't see him for dust yet, but just let some other girl look sideways at him—Ellen will see him!"

At first when Cousin Sophia unfolded her nefarious scheme, Judy didn't approve at all—not of her own share in it, certainly. But the more she thought about it, the better she liked it.

"But you'll have to let me handle it my own way," she insisted. "After all, I don't want Ted thinking I'm seriously interested in Pinky."

"Of course not," Cousin Sophia agreed. "But shucks, he'd never think that."

Maybe Judy overdid it. She began to have qualms when, one afternoon three days later, Ted accosted her as she strolled back from the airstrip after seeing Pinky off on a flight.

"What do you see in that guy?" Ted demanded. "He's gaga over Ellen, or didn't

you happen to know about that?"

Judy was tempted to break down and tell Ted the whole scheme. But she'd promised Cousin Sophia.

"He's sweet," was all she said in answer to Ted's first question.

"Skip it," said Ted. "Look, I've got to fly to town and see what's holding up those repairs I ordered. Want to come along?"

Judy hesitated. "I want to, Ted, but . . ."

"But what?"

"I promised Pinky I'd . . ."

Ted didn't wait for her to finish. He turned on his heel and strode off. Judy stood looking after him.

The scheme wasn't going to work. It hadn't worked at all so far. Ellen was evidently just as oblivious to Pinky as ever, while Ted . . . Well, she was going to get out of the jam just as fast as she could, Pinky or no Pinky. Cousin Sophia's idiotic matchmaking wasn't worth spoiling her whole vacation for, and it wasn't fair to Ted.

It was while she was on her way to explain to Cousin Sophia that Judy had her great inspiration. She stopped still and snapped her fingers.

"Perfect!" she said to herself. "It's a natural! It may not work with Ellen, but it's a lot better than the first scheme. And less dangerous."

She found Cousin Sophia in the corral, mounted on her favorite horse, Shoo-Fly. Judy swung herself up on the fence, and Shoo-Fly ambled over and nuzzled her arm.

Cousin Sophia agreed that her plan for getting Pinky into Ellen's favor wasn't working. And the new scheme? She slapped a large hand down on Shoo-Fly's shoulder, calmed him when he showed signs of rearing, and grinned at Judy gleefully.

"Jeepers! Of course it will work! You go off with Ellen in your plane—do it this afternoon. Make off like you have motor trouble, land miles from nowhere. Pinky hightails it off to rescue you, he's a hero in Ellen's eyes. Next thing—they're engaged!"

Judy laughed. "You're incurable, Cousin Sophia! You decide on the place—and when you send Pinky to the rescue, don't let him know we planned the whole thing!"

Cousin Sophia nodded. "Know just the place. Little canyon about forty miles to the southwest . . ."

An hour later, Judy and Ellen were flying over the spot. It was much too early to go into her act, but Judy wanted to be sure Cousin Sophia had the directions right. Another half hour or so in the air and she'd circle back to the place, and with this strong cross wind that buffeted the plane around, it wouldn't be any trick at all to convince Ellen that the motor was conking out.

Judy climbed and circled away to the south to avoid a grayish cloud. The wind had died down suddenly, but the air was still bumpy.

Once Ellen said "Oof!" and laughed. "Almost bit my tongue!"

"Just a skid," Judy told her. "It's blowing up again, though. I think those clouds look a little fretful—as if there might be trouble brewing. I'm going to slip between them and see what's cooking on the other side."

Before the plane was quite clear of the clouds, a gusty cross wind caught it and tossed it sideways. Judy muttered, "So you want to play rough, do you?"

There were clouds ahead, too, fiercer and more threatening. And below them, a swift, much too early dark was blotting out the landscape.

"Whew! I'm getting out of this!"

She pulled the nose of the plane up, banked, and applied top rudder. She eased the stick forward carefully, and to her relief the resulting side slip wasn't too abrupt. They had lost some altitude, but still Judy couldn't see the ground. A blinding streak of lightning zigzagged past. Above them the clouds smashed together with a deafening crash and all the water in the world, it seemed, streamed down over the plane. Judy lowered the left wing, applied right rudder. Another slip, forward this time.

Judy called to her, but Judy couldn't hear her over the roar of the wind. One more forward slip, and they were out of the most violent zone. Judy trimmed, leveled off, and headed north. She (Continued on page 46)



Straight out of *Calling All Girls* into television! That was the route of our September fashion pages. Here's Doris Parsons, teen-age member of our fashion staff, with fashion commentator Leona Woodworth, being "shot" for the program, "Teletips on Loveliness."

Let's Talk Things Over with ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

I go to Teen Town here every Saturday night. The boy I go with is really nice and has nice manners except for one thing. When we finish dancing he leaves me stranded in the middle of the dance floor. I like dancing with him but I do dread the moment at the end of the dance. What should I do?—Betty D., aged 15, Ontario.

BEING left high and dry in the middle of a dance floor is certainly no fun. But it's lots better than being a wallflower, with nary a dance! And the best of it is that this problem can be solved quite easily if a sensible girl like Betty just uses her head—and a light touch.

Betty can tell her friend that she enjoys dancing with him very much and is delighted to be his partner; but would he at the end of a dance please take her back to the edge of the dance floor. She would like that better, and she's sure he'll understand. You see, the young man may be uncertain and a little embarrassed and he may be grateful for a useful tip like that from a pal. Of course, much will depend on how Betty carries this off. Naturally, she won't flatly declare that she simply can't bear to dance with a boy who doesn't know any better than to leave her stranded in the middle of the floor.

Sometimes a boy thinks that after he's danced with a girl it will cramp his style if he also has to talk! Perhaps he's not so sure of himself when it comes to making conversation. Well then, a girl like Betty can have a few good subjects on tap, cheery

remarks about how good the music is, or how well her partner dances, and how did he like the movie last night, and so on and on—especially subjects that would interest him and remarks or questions that show she cares about his ideas, opinions, experiences, feelings about things.

Once in a while, should a boy forget his company manners (and, of course, Betty is right that one must learn good social customs, even for informal canteen nights), a girl can also be ready with ways to get out of a dilemma. For example, if left in the middle of the dance floor, she can walk quietly to the powder room, join a group of girls near-by, pause for a word with a chaperone, or read news notes or announcements on the club bulletin board. But, first of all, Betty should try our first sug-

gestion—tell her friend, in a nice, jolly way, that she would appreciate his taking her back to home base after the dance.

I am fairly popular, make good grades, and hold several offices in my school. I play the piano and am studying voice. I am very interested in music, sports, and literature. But I daydream far too much lately, and am easily discouraged. I don't seem to enjoy choosing clothes as I used to, or fixing my hair and nails. And I just can't make myself fit in. Please don't think I'm feeling sorry for myself, I'm just explaining to you something I need your help with.—Sally G., aged 14, Kansas.

SALLY may take comfort in knowing that she is experiencing emotions that "come naturally." But this does not mean there's nothing she can do to smooth the road for herself; on the contrary, the pages of CALLING ALL GIRLS are always full of suggestions to make the adolescent years rich with meaning.

Sally's parents will want her to have a good medical check-up by the family physician, so that she may have the best guidance in matters of rest, activities, diet, and so on. She may be growing quite rapidly right now, or developing pretty fast, so that her body actually needs more time for relaxation. She may have to do a little less extracurricular work for a time—on her music or in connection with the offices she holds at school. Then some of that old enthusiasm and pep can come back

(Continued on page 61)



*"The thing I look for in a man is appearance
—the sooner the better!"*

JUDY WING

(Continued from page 44)

hadn't any very clear idea right then about where the canyon was, but the storm couldn't last long—it was too sudden and severe. She'd keep on flying until she could spot a landmark.

Judy couldn't really *hear* the first change in the hum of the motor. The rain was making too much racket. But she *felt* that something was different. There was a new sound—or an old sound had varied just a little. She pricked up her ears and listened intently. And then she heard it—the put-putter-put that wasn't the way a well-behaved motor should sound. Judy instantly pushed the stick forward, and the nose of the plane went down. The noise was much more noticeable now—they were really in trouble—no fake stunt!

There wasn't time to think about where they were. The thing was to land wherever they could—and at once.

Luckily there was nothing below but a deserted plain, sparsely dotted with sagebrush bent by the rain.

"A million miles from nowhere, and the rain keeps tumbling down," she said, turning to Ellen. "Were you nervous?"

"Not with you at the controls," Ellen answered. "But what do we do now?"

Judy looked around at the rain-soaked sagebrush. "Wait for the rain to stop," she said, "and then try to find out where we are." She made her voice cheerful, for Ellen's sake.

Half an hour later the rain had spent itself, and the girls climbed out of the plane to reconnoiter. The sky was still a surly gray, but at least the downpour was over. Judy glanced at her watch. Four forty-five. Unless she could get the motor working right, they might have to spend the night in this deserted spot.

"I'd give a good deal to see an ace mechanic right this minute," she said a long time afterward, when she had exhausted every trick she knew to make the motor sound like anything but a cement-mixer.

Ellen was silent for a moment. Then she laughed and said, "I'd give anything to see almost anybody right this minute—even Pinky."

Judy dangled a wrench in one hand and brushed her hair from her eyes with a greasy finger. "Even Pinky," she echoed.

"If he just didn't—well, he's so . . ." Ellen faltered for the right word.

Judy ducked her head over the motor again to hide her grin.

"But he *is* nice," Ellen ended wistfully.

A moment later Judy flung up her head and listened. "I could have sworn I heard a plane," she said, searching the sky eagerly. "But there doesn't seem to be anything but gray murk—and

it's getting darker by the minute. If I thought there was any use, I'd pile a lot of this sagebrush together and pour some gasoline over it. But there's no sense wasting our flare unless there is a plane in the offing."

They listened again, and this time there wasn't any doubt about it. There *was* a plane circling somewhere to the north of them.

The girls scurried around like mad, piling all the wet brush they could drag together into a limp heap at some distance from the plane. It didn't make much of a flare, even when Judy doused it with gasoline. But it was something. When they heard the plane again, it sounded nearer. Judy flung more brush on the fire, and looked toward the sky.

"There it is!" Ellen shouted. "And it's coming in!"

"Bless that boy!" Judy said fervently. "Whoever he is," she added, because now that the plane was gliding for a landing, it didn't look like Pinky's. She began to run toward it, Ellen on her heels.

She knew it was Ted even before he climbed out of the cockpit. And she kept right on running, crying "Ted! Ted! Oh, I'm so glad!"

"How did you know we were lost?" Ellen asked, when Ted had swept Judy into his arms, squeezed the breath out of her, and was digging a handkerchief out of his pocket to wipe her face.

Judy sniffled happily, and said, "He's g-got a magic eye!"

"That's a woman for you!" Ted grinned. "The time for tears was before I spotted that flare." He turned to Ellen. "How did I know you were lost? I called the ranch and Cousin Sophia said you were out in the storm. So I started hunting."

"Was she worried?" Ellen asked.

"Funny thing, but she didn't seem to be," Ted answered. "I guess she thinks Judy can sail right through anything—even a coker of a storm like that one."

Cousin Sophia looked relieved when the three of them arrived at the ranch. But what she said gave Judy a bad moment.

"So *you* found them!" Cousin Sophia boomed at Ted. "Pinky ought to have some of your luck!"

"Pinky?" Ellen looked startled.

"I sent him to the canyon at four

o'clock," said Cousin Sophia accusingly.

Judy studied her boots for a tense moment. But Ellen hadn't noticed.

"Then he was out in the storm, too!" she cried. "Anything might have happened to him! Maybe . . ."

"Oh, Pinky's got a good head on his shoulders," Ted said soothingly. "He wouldn't flirt with a storm."

Ellen tossed her head. "I should hope he wouldn't," she said. "But look what happened to us. Do you suppose we *wanted* to get caught in that downpour? And we were lucky. And now when Pinky's in the same spot we were, nobody's a bit concerned! Well, if you won't get excited about it, I will! I'll get someone to fly me to that old canyon, wherever it is—or I'll fly myself."

"O. K., O. K." Ted broke in. "I'll go."

"I'll go with you," Judy said.

"You're not leaving me behind!" said Ellen. She turned to the mirror to knot her scarf under her chin and missed the look that passed between Judy and Cousin Sophia.

But before they reached the field where Ted had left his plane, they saw Pinky's plane gliding in, and he came to meet them.

"Gee, Ellen, I'm glad to know you're safe and sound," said Pinky, ignoring Judy and Ted. He grabbed Ellen's hands. "I was scared!"

Judy tugged at Ted's elbow. It was time they made a swift exit, and let Pinky have his big moment now that Ellen had given herself away. But Judy didn't reckon with the wiles of a minx like Ellen.

"Pooh!" said Ellen. "It wasn't anything. That sort of thing's all in the day's work for Miss Wing."

"Is it?" Judy said startled. "Let me tell you I was scared, too, Pinky."

Ellen gave a mischievous toss of her head, and turned away. "Well, for heaven's sake," she said. "I'm not going to stand here all night arguing about anything so silly. I'm hungry!" And she started back to the ranch house.

Pinky looked crestfallen, then sprang forward to follow Ellen. But Ted grabbed his arm.

"Look, fella," he said in a low voice. "Don't be a dope. She was chewing her nails over what had happened to you! She's nuts about you or I'm a monkey's uncle!"

Pinky's troubled face lit up. "She was? She is? Honest?"

"Sure," said Ted. "All you gotta do is . . ."

But Pinky was way up ahead, matching his long stride to Ellen's shorter steps.

"When last seen," said Judy, "the happy couple was holding hands—I hope!"

"That's a thought," said Ted. And he tucked Judy's hand into his own as they followed Pinky and Ellen to the ranch house.



TRICKS for TEENS

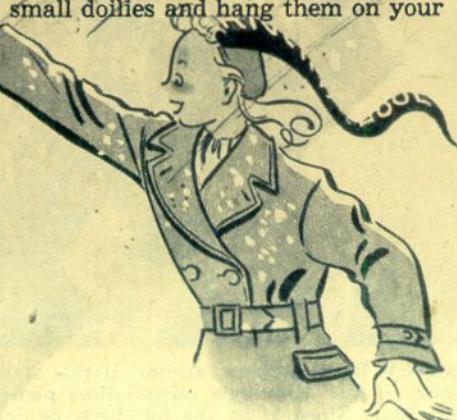


Personal Appearance—If you make your own skirts, save the extra material and make collars, cuffs, and headbands. If the material is plaid or check, they look especially reet with a plain sweater. If you belt your sweater, use some of the extra material to make a change purse to slide onto your belt.—*Madeline Tracy, Chicago, Ill.* If you're tired of carrying your school banner to all the games, why not wear it? Tack the wide end of the banner to the front edge of an old beanie. The pennant will hang down your back—school spirit version of a stocking cap.—*C. Zerrenner, Jackson Heights, N. Y.*

Don't Be a Litter Bug—For those loose records lying around, an ordinary scrapbook makes a wonderful record album. Just paste a record envelope on each page and write an index in the inside front cover. For extra special touch, paste pictures of the singers or name bands on the cover.—*Elizabeth Cogoni, Bronx, N. Y.* You'll be in the groove if you have this letter holder on your desk. Get a paper-napkin holder, paste or paint a picture on it and put it where it will catch all those letters and papers. Mom will approve of this new turn to tidiness.—*M. Reichert, National Park, N. J.*



Rogues Gallery—You'll be copied by your friends if, when you get snaps of them, you paste them on small doilies and hang them on your



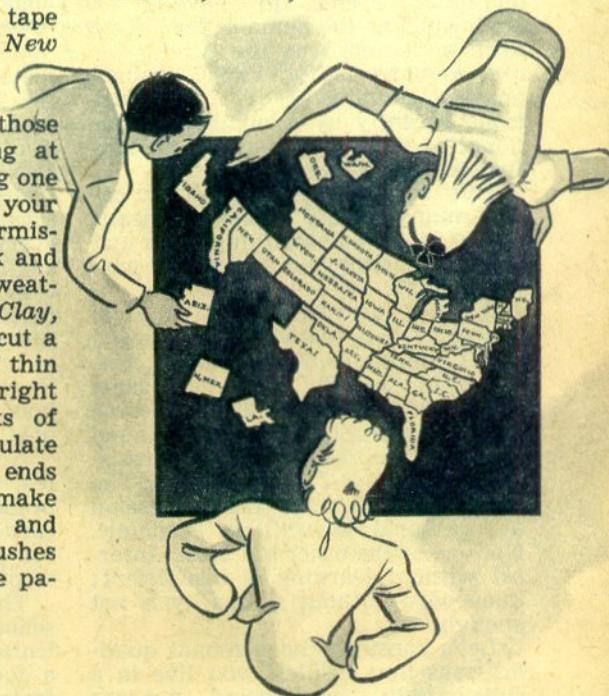
wall. Hang them with Scotch tape instead of tacks.—*Marie Davis, New Brunswick, N. J.*

All That Glitters—Get one of those fancy flies used for fly fishing at the sport goods counter. (Or beg one from Dad—but, if you value your life, don't take one without permission.) File or clip off the hook and fasten the fly to your dress or sweater with a small pin.—*Shirley Clay, Esther, Mo.* For an arty pin, cut a miniature artist's palette out of thin cardboard, cover with a plain, bright material. Paste on little dots of bright colored paper to simulate dabs of paint. Blacken the flat ends of two toothpicks with ink to make them look like paintbrushes and stick the handle ends of the brushes through the thumb hole of the pa-

lette, fastening them with glue. Attach a pin to the back and there you have a gay pin.—*Florence Newton, Toronto, Ont.*

String Around Your Finger?—If you're a chick who forgets to answer letters, here's a solid way to remember. Take a couple of Mom's clothespins, glue alphabet macaroni on them spelling out "answered" and "unanswered." Give them a gloss by painting with clear nail polish. Clip them on your letters and you can't forget.—*Ruth Drummond, Minnitaki, Ont.*

Party Line—Get a map of the United States, mount it on cardboard, cut it along the state boundary lines and use it as a puzzle. Just right as a gift for your little cousin Willie. But it's fun at your own parties. Time your friends and see who knows his geography best.—*D. Kazanjian, Hempstead, N. Y.* For cute candy and nut dishes, pry out the corks of pop bottle caps. Place the cap under a small doily, put the cork directly over the bottle cap on top of the doily and press it down firmly. If you can get colored doilies, it's even prettier.—*Donna Hartwich, Beloit, Wis.*



\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Every girl has bright ideas! What are yours? Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address *Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.* All entries become the property of *Calling All Girls*. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

YOUR CAREER AS A PHYSICAL THERAPIST

(Continued from page 21)

and patient; she helps turn affliction into recovery, illness into health. What she does, how she does it, is as simple—or as complicated—as breathing. It's physical therapy.

You're not a complete stranger to it. You've had some yourself. The corrective exercises you learned at school and at camp which taught you to move correctly, to flatten your back, to strengthen your muscles—they're part of it. Whirlpool baths and underwater exercises are another part of it. So is the ultra-violet-ray lamp. And so is good old-fashioned sun-bathing!

Thousands of men and women, 3,500 to be exact, are in this skilled profession. Hundreds are in training now, many on scholarships offered by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, for physical therapy is the strongest link to recovery in the modern treatment of polio.

But the number of physical therapists (P. T.'s) available and the number in training is far below the nation's critical need. The supply of physical therapists seems to have diminished as the demand for them increased. And the current demand is for 13,650 trained physical therapists! This estimate, made recently by a number of national agencies and services, is considered conservative.

This means opportunity for career-minded young women. It means plenty of highly satisfying work and full-time employment for all who can qualify.

What about you? Will physical therapy be *your* career? Or have you got it confused with nursing? Unscramble the idea. It's not the same thing. Many nurses have become physical therapists, and have found the opportunities in this field irresistible. For the P.T. is a specialist. The skills she brings to the profession are personal as well as academic. Not one or the other but both. Interest without learning is insufficient; knowledge without sympathy is not enough.

Let's consider the personal qualifications first. Unless you live in a substantially constructed pre-war ivory tower, you're bound to have the first basic necessity—sympathy, understanding of human problems, the desire to help someone in distress. Initiative, reliability, and patience—these are part of the prescription for a physical therapist. Also, courage and an alert intelligence to keep pace with a progressive science.

Let's see if you belong in this field. Do you like to work with your hands? Your skill will be in your

fingers, a deft and gentle strength that has no relation to how big and husky your body is. Do you like meeting all types of people? Your patients will include dock workers and financiers, infants and grandmothers. Do you work well as part of a team? You won't work com-

schools for any changes in admission requirements.

Suppose you go. What will you find in a P.T. school? The first part of your course will be as fascinating, and as difficult, as any you've ever known. You will ooze knowledge of anatomy and physiology, get to know every human nerve, joint, ligament, muscle, and bone, even recognize their names spelled backwards! You'll attend lectures, demonstrations. You'll do laboratory work. And you'll work on yourself and your classmates, practicing the principles of scientific massage, for example, learning the feel of muscles under your fingertips.

You will do yourself a lot of good, too, as you learn to practice what you're going to preach! You'll stand correctly, sit, walk, bend, and lift correctly, which means without strain of muscles, without unnecessary fatigue. You'll learn to use the whirlpool bath machine, the ultra-violet ray, short-wave diathermy. You'll see, too, that part of your skill is to get the patient to do the job himself, and you'll devise ways of gaining the cooperation of others as you wisely go about your job.

Next you're ready for "practice training." This means three to six months of work under the supervision of graduate physical therapists in local hospitals. You'll prepare hot packs for infantile paralysis patients, work on the muscles and joints of fractured arms. You'll treat patients in iron lungs, use electric muscle testers. And you'll acquire a deep and satisfying confidence in your own competence to help real patients. You will be proud of yourself—justifiably—as the patients respond, cooperate, learn, with your help, to help themselves.

You'll have a full-time job on your hands as long as you want to work. Opportunities are as numerous as they are varied. They will continue to be for years to come, for even if the supply of physical therapists eventually catches up with the demand for them, the nation's expanding health program continues to create far-reaching new demands.

Hospitals—general, orthopedic, mental, or children's—take your pick. All are seriously understaffed. Army and Navy hospitals need P.T.'s. The Veterans Administration alone requires a great number of trained physical therapists, needs them acutely now, will continue to need them for years to come. Industry has a place for them, and physicians, who now employ increasing numbers of physical therapists in their private offices, would employ more if they were available.



Catherine Worthingham, author of this article, is one of the country's outstanding physical therapists. Since 1944 she has been on leave of absence from Stanford University, where she was director of the physical therapy division.

pletely on your own. You'll have the stimulating cooperation of doctors, nurses, social workers, families. Are you interested in the scientific reasons for things? Part of your training will be the study of the basic sciences. You must know why you do everything you do. Do hospitals challenge your curiosity? You will work in them constantly. They are fascinating when you understand them. Do you enjoy being of service to others? The greatest satisfaction in the world comes from an inner knowledge of your usefulness—in a field still open to pioneers.

Academically speaking, there are few professions which require more preliminary formal education. The earlier you decide it's the profession for you, the more time you'll have to prepare wisely and well.

There are twenty-two approved schools of physical therapy in the United States. Some of them offer a four-year course, and graduation from an accredited high school is the only entrance requirement. These schools give a bachelor's degree as well as a certificate in physical therapy.

At the present time two years, preferably three, of approved college training, including courses in biology and other sciences, also will qualify you for admission to a physical therapy school offering a one-year course. So will graduation from an accredited school of nursing or physical education. Check with

This listing touches only the surface of the field. Public health services, private, state, and federal agencies, such as the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis are among the organizations seeking the services of qualified physical therapists.

You'll find priceless satisfaction working in this humanitarian field. You will never make a fortune in money, as the phrase goes, but you won't be purse-poor either. You'll earn between \$150 and \$200 a month on completion of your training, often in addition to your room and board, usually including uniforms and laundry. Positions for more experienced personnel pay \$225 to \$350. Executive and teaching jobs in physical therapy now pay as high as \$4,000 to \$6,000 a year.

Think it over. And, if physical therapy is to be your career, plan your high school and college courses to include the studies that will help you most. Physical therapy schools require laboratory, biological, and physical sciences, so it's obvious you'll have to bear down a little on those high-school science subjects. An outline of suggested preparatory work is offered by the American Physiotherapy Association, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

Choose your school carefully or you may face a future handicap. Accredited hospitals require their personnel to be graduates of approved schools. An up-to-date list of these schools, and a helpfully detailed little booklet, "Physical Therapy—A Service and a Career," can be obtained from the author of this article. Address her at the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, 120 Broadway, New York 5, N. Y.

If, after three years of college, you want to specialize in physical therapy and you need financial help, you can apply to the National Foundation for a scholarship that will cover all schooling costs of your final year of training. Because of the critical need for physical therapists, a special fund from contributions to the March of Dimes has been set aside to help capable, promising, and ambitious students train themselves for service in this specialized field. There is no obligation to work in infantile paralysis if you accept a scholarship from the National Foundation. The purpose is to build up a reservoir of trained physical therapists, not to limit them exclusively to polio.

Determine your P.T. aptitude now. Maybe you can't rate yourself a perfect score on each of the skills at present, but that needn't discourage you. Not if you have the will to work. Those skills will grow as you advance in your study. You feel this is the career for you? Then prepare for a happy and remunerative future in physical therapy. Go to it. And good luck!

Simplicity Sue's

DESIGN CONTEST!

See how Simplicity Sue trims up her midwinter dirndl and blouse with sequin musical symbols? (She made it from Simplicity Pattern 1261, sizes 11 to 18, 15e.) Well, show her how YOU would trim the same outfit if you made it in cotton for spring. Just sketch in your ideas (in pencil, ink, paints, or crayon) on the outline figure at right.

Obtain Simplicity Patterns at local dealers or send cash to Patterns, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



1261



25 PRIZES!

Sketch in your design, fill in coupon below, and mail on or before February 1, 1947, to Simplicity Sue's Design Contest, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Your Name
Your Address
How old are you?

CARNIVAL MYSTERY

(Continued from page 34)

the floor. The room was instantly plunged into darkness. Red pushed Kay back into safety and moved forward. But he was too late.

"Get 'em up, all of you." The Sultan's voice rapped out the words. "One move and I shoot."

This is it, Kay thought. The Sultan had them at his mercy now, and he would probably kill them before he made his escape.

Then suddenly footsteps pounded up the stairs. The door was flung open, the light switch clicked, and the room was flooded with brightness. A shot rang out, and a bullet whined over their heads. Kay blinked. Two police officers were busy taking care of the Sultan. They snatched his smoking gun and clamped handcuffs around his wrists.

"What's up, Mac?" one of them demanded, glancing at Cramer who was sprawled out on the floor.

Cramer looked up. "This man broke into my room, threatened me with a gun, searched my property, and when this girl knocked, he bound and held her here, too. I want him arrested."

The officer nodded grimly. "You'd better come down to the station tomorrow morning and present formal charges."

"I'll be there," Cramer agreed. He turned to Kay and Red. "You two might as well come along and see the fun."

"Try and keep me away," Kay breathed. "But please tell us what this is all about."

"I'll tell part of the story now," Cramer answered, "but the rest can wait."

"I'm just a newspaperman on the trail of a scoop," Cramer explained. "When I came back from overseas, I quit the Chicago paper and went to work for one in Washington." He smiled disarmingly. "That's what the Washington call was all about. He settled back comfortably in this armchair. "There's a phony charity drive sweeping the country, and a lot of nice generous people like Mr. Barlow here in town are getting hoodwinked. My paper wanted me to get the inside dope and break the racket."

"Is that all?" Kay tried to keep the disappointment out of her voice.

"But why did you come here to West Forks, and what has the Sultan got to do with it?" Red wanted to know.

"Well, it seems that wherever the Carnival went, a new local charity drive sprang up in that particular town. It was too consistent to be a coincidence. Obviously the ring-leader was connected with the Carnival. So I just followed the Carnival."

"And the Sultan's the ringleader of the phony charity," Red finished for him.

"Is that what you meant when you told the police you'd have new charges to present tomorrow?" Kay put in excitedly.

Cramer stood up suddenly. "Listen," he said, "you two were going to inveigle me into attending a wienie roast. Now can I persuade you in-

Kay swallowed her disappointment in silence as Red looked at Cramer questioningly. "What are we doing here?" he asked. "I thought you said Barlow was O.K., that he'd just fallen for the Sultan's line."

"I did, but I want him to be present at the hearing tomorrow." Cramer opened the car door and stepped out. "Wait for me," he said to the two young people. "I'll only be a minute."

Cramer was true to his word, and a few minutes later he reappeared.

"Did you find out anything more?" she queried.

"Only what I told you," Cramer replied. "Barlow was sold a bill of goods by the Sultan. He thought the charity was a worthy one, and he gave him a lot of money."

"What was he doing at the Carnival today then?" Kay insisted.

"He didn't know the man at the head of the charity drive and the Sultan were one and the same," Cramer explained. "He went to the Carnival because the owner's suspicions were aroused and he wanted to talk to Barlow."

"But you were trailing him there, weren't you?" Red wanted to know.

"So you noticed that, too!" Cramer nodded. "Yes, I was trailing him, and I was watching his house before that. I knew that whoever was the head of the charity organization would contact him. That's how I tracked down the Sultan."

Kay was mentally sorting a score of questions when Cramer pulled up in front of the Hot Shoppe.

"No more mysteries until tomorrow," he proclaimed. "Right now we eat."

Curiosity didn't spoil Kay's appetite, but that night she had trouble sleeping. She kept thinking about the missing page from her autograph album, and wondering what it was that Laughton Cramer suspected of the Sultan that was even worse than the phony charity organization.

Early the next morning she was out of bed and dressed and, to the amazement of her family, was the first down to breakfast. Red was nowhere in sight, so Kay mounted her bike and rode to meet him. She caught him as he was sleepily emerging from his own house, munching on a doughnut.

"Come on," she urged. "We've got to get down to the police station."

"Oh, for Pete's sake," Red demurred. "Cramer said to meet him at nine-thirty, and it's only just past nine now."

(Continued on page 52)

WHEN I GROW UP

By Pat Fenner

Seventeen Years Old

I'd like to be an engineer
And build some bridges long.
I'd like to be an artist,
Or write a lovely song.

I'd like to be a model,
Or an actress or a cop—
It's always been my wish to
Toot a horn and holler "STOP!"

I'd like to be a doctor
And cure folks of their ills.
I'd like to be a pharmacist
And make up fancy pills.

I think I'll be a poet
And work with ink and pen,
But I'd love to walk a tightrope,
So here we go again.

I'd like to do some mission work
And teach the golden rule,
But I think what I had better do
Is—graduate from school.

grin...gang!



"We had a grand time at Linda's party. Imagine taking pictures in the living room at ten o'clock at night! We can't wait to see them!"

Snapshots are always fun to make, fun to save, and fun to share. Your friends are glad you wanted pictures of them . . . and they're grateful for the extra prints you send.

Making pictures is so easy. You simply load, aim, and "click." You can attach a Flashholder to many of the cameras in the famous Kodak line for indoor or night pictures. Be sure to use Kodak Verichrome Film. It takes the guesswork out of picture-making. You press the button—it does the rest. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box



Night or day—inside or out
Brownie Flash Six-20

This is it!—the exciting, low-cost camera that lets you shoot anywhere, anytime—day or night! One button to push for both shutter and flash bulb. Flashholder (extra) slips off for daylight shooting. Bulbs may be a little scarce yet, but they're coming.

Kodak

CARNIVAL MYSTERY

(Continued from page 50)

At the police station, Kay jumped off her bike at breakneck speed.

"There's Cramer's car," she announced. "We've probably missed something. Hurry!"

They stumbled up the steps and a policeman directed them to a room where they found Cramer, the Sultan, Mr. Barlow, and the police officer who had appeared at the Mohawk Inn the night before.

"Just in time," Cramer greeted Red and Kay. "I received my phone call from Washington, and the case is sewed up. The charges are murder, and the FBI has the conclusive evidence. There's an agent on his way here now."

Red and Kay stared in horror as Cramer went on to explain the case and how he had got mixed up in it. Everyone listened respectfully. Only the Sultan gazed sullenly into space.

Several weeks ago, Cramer told them, the Washington newspaper by which he was recently employed had received a letter from the handwriting analyst at the Carnival. The letter claimed that someone in the Carnival was involved in a phony charity racket, and enclosed a memorandum issued by one of the ring-leaders and signed by someone called "Omar Westover."

"But what about this murder charge?" put in the police officer.

"I'm coming to that." Cramer inclined his head. "We got in touch with the FBI then, but it was out of their province. So we decided to go ahead with the investigation, and the story was assigned to me. In the meantime, the handwriting analyst was found murdered. Among his possessions was a threatening letter in the same handwriting as Omar Westover's signature."

"Is that why you visited the handwriting analyst's booth at the Carnival?" Kay interrupted.

Cramer nodded. "Right you are. I thought I might pick up some new clues. But the fellow there didn't know a thing, except that his predecessor had been murdered."

"Did you find Omar Westover?" Red asked impatiently.

Again Cramer nodded. "Yes, but I wasn't sure until this morning. The Sultan is Omar Westover. The FBI figured that out. But

they couldn't handle the case until the Carnival had crossed the state line."

"But how did they figure it out?" Mr. Barlow asked.

"It was easy, largely thanks to this young lady here," Cramer smiled at Kay, who was sitting on the edge of her chair. "My paper had turned over to the FBI the memorandum sent us by the handwriting analyst. The local police had sent them the threatening letter after the murder. I suspected the Sultan, because of his visits to Mr. Barlow. He was the only caller there who wasn't a local citizen, and I saw him come away once with a wad of greenbacks. But I needed proof. Miss Bruce provided that."

Kay jumped to her feet. "The autograph!" she exclaimed. "That's why you tore it out of my album."

"Exactly," Cramer agreed. "It looked to me like Omar Westover's handwriting, and things began to click in my head. I sent the autograph by plane to the FBI in Washington, had it checked, and this morning they phoned a confirmation."

"That's why you lied about having a lecture last night then," Red figured slowly, almost to himself. "You

wanted to get away quickly."

"And get that signature on the plane," Cramer finished up. He turned to the Sultan. "So this is our man beyond the shadow of a doubt. Maybe our crystal-gazing friend will now oblige us with the rest of the story."

For a moment the Sultan's gaze darted from one to the other. He eyed the door slyly, but the police officer's hand slid toward his gun and the Sultan slumped back in his chair.

"When I saw the autograph missing from the kid's book, I knew something was up," he muttered sullenly. "I broke into Cramer's room with the idea of getting it back." He drew a deep breath. "Funny," he continued. "I had a hunch someone was on my trail, only I figured maybe it was Barlow." He gestured toward Kay and Red. "These kids even surprised me once, listening in on one of Barlow's telephone conversations. And from the looks of things, they've been snooping around ever since."

Kay glanced at him scornfully, then turned back to Cramer. "He did kill the handwriting analyst then?"

"Yes, he did," Cramer said. "When the threatening letter didn't stop the handwriting analyst from investigating personally, the Sultan bumped him off."

"That letter," the Sultan growled. "If I could have found that, you never would have been able to pin this on me."

"Through with him, sir?" the police officer asked Cramer, as he fingered a pair of shiny handcuffs.

"For the time being," Cramer assented. "The FBI agent will want to take over from here. He'll probably arrive this afternoon. Until then, the local police will take charge of the situation."

Cramer turned to Kay and Red, the friendly smile of their Carnival companion evident again. "Your sleuthing certainly simplified matters. But you'd better not make a habit of it. It's dangerous."

Kay whistled softly. "From here on in, I'll stick to reading mystery stories." Red's eyes on her were quizzical. "At least until the next time," she finished impishly.

THE END

"What'll I do? Sis gave me a quarter to leave and he gave me one to stay!"



Here's a fascinating new 44-page book written for the teen-age crowd. By Arthur Murray, famous dancing teacher. Easy lessons on how to be a really expert dancer. For instance—

Take the Lindy Hop. When your partner throws you out, do you come together again right on the beat? Do you know the trick to dancing the fox trot with that long smooth look? Can you turn in the waltz without seeming heavy to your partner?

"Let's Dance" shows you exactly how to do these dances. The book is full of pictures and diagrams. Explanations are clear and simple.

Included are pointers on how to stand—how to follow—how to be fun to dance with!

And—since manners count—answers to such questions as: What's the best way to attract the stag line? Can you refuse one man and dance with another? Knowing the correct answers makes a lot of difference. You want to be a slick chick, don't you?

This dance book is offered by Wheaties, those crisp toasty whole wheat flakes. Try Wheaties at breakfast tomorrow. They're second-helping good.

And send for this new Arthur Murray book. It will help you be an expert dancer. Arthur Murray himself says the dancing instruction in this book is equal to at least \$10 worth of private lessons in his studios! Send for your copy today for sure.

HOW TO ORDER YOUR BOOK

Address your envelope to Wheaties Library of Sports, Dept. 311, 623 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis 2, Minnesota. Enclose one Wheaties box top and 10¢—together with your own name and address printed clearly. Send today for this new Arthur Murray book, "Let's Dance." Add to your pleasure in dancing.



General Mills, Inc.

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OH, to be a model, now that the fashions for teens are the talk of the times! Joining your local **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club is an important first step on the way toward becoming a model in a **CALLING ALL GIRLS** fashion show—and you might even get a chance to pose for fashion photos to appear in some future issue of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**. It's happened to lots of **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club members. For instance, fashion editor Nancy Pepper flew to San Francisco recently to select two members of the Hale Bros. **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club for some photographs of California fashions. Then on to Los Angeles to select two models from among the Hi-Style Scouts. You'll be seeing them in the February issue. On the March cover you'll see the lucky teen who won the **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Cover Girl contest conducted by the Hecht Co., Headquarters in

CALLING ALL GIRLS CLUB NEWS

Washington, D. C. And you'll also see the winners of a model contest conducted by Famous Barr, our St. Louis Headquarters, posing in some St. Louis spring fashions. Mr. Powers and Mr. Conover, please note!

Club members get a chance to do their stuff over the radio, too. Down in Fort Worth, Texas, all the models in the Monnig's fashion show were invited to appear on a special broadcast. At Adler's, Kansas City, Nancy conducted a meeting of the store's **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club right over the airwaves, and in Rochester, N. Y., she introduced the president

of the Edward's **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club on a special radio broadcast.

If you live near enough to an Official Headquarters Store (check the list on page 66) to become a member, fine and dandy. And for all you lucky gals who can beg, borrow, or

steal some listening time, there's the **CALLING ALL GIRLS** radio show sponsored by many Official Headquarters Stores which gives out with gobs of fun, fashion tips, the songs of swoonderful Dick Brown, and interviews with top-ranking guest stars.

So you're not *that* lucky, and there's no Official Headquarters Store near you? There's still hope. Write to Linda Allen, National Director, **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. and give her the name of your favorite center for teen-age fashions. She may be able to do something about it.



Dream formals and lovely date dresses line up at the first *Calling All Girls* show at Monnig's, Headquarters in Fort Worth, Tex. Nancy Pepper flew down for the big occasion.



At Crowley Milner, Detroit Headquarters, *Calling All Girls* Club members put on a winter fashion show. Each letter of Nancy Pepper's name stands for a leading fashion feature.



Left—A little while ago he was doing a job as Major Lanny Ross, but that's all over now. He's back home, majoring in the songs you love to hear, and when he was guest star on the *Calling All Girls* radio program recently, wasn't he something?

Right—Did we say glamorous guest stars? Well, see what we mean? Lucille Ball is one of Hollywood's gobs-of-glamour girls, and Jenny Jabberwocky was almost speechless with awe when *la belle* Ball appeared on the *Calling All Girls* radio program.

CALLING ALL DIAL-TWISTERS!

Are you listening? How do you like the *Calling All Girls* radio show? We've been talking to you over the airwaves—here's your chance to talk back. Tell us what you like about the program, and if there's something you want changed, tell us that, too. Your comments will help us make it an even better show.

Address your letters to *Calling All Girls* Club, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.





These lassies do right well with their "plaidies" at the *Calling All Girls* show held by D. H. Holmes Co. in New Orleans. It's club members Barbara Tete and Jeanne Perrin who are the models.



Nancy Pepper calls Los Angeles, Calif., Hi Style Scouts together in the showroom of Junior Miss, Los Angeles manufacturer, to pick styles for the February CAG.

Below—The Fashion Board of Harry S. Manchester, Inc., Madison, Wis., discusses CAG Club doings. Left to right: standing, Violet Jacobick, Eleanor Jackson, Jackie Cindores, Betty Butler. Seated, Lucy Bell Sekerg, Barbara Jones.



Are you in the know?



How can you leave at your dating deadline?

- Tell the crowd Dad insists
- Say you need your beauty sleep
- Mention an early A. M. appointment

Party-ing is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family . . .



Do you think a thank-you note should be—

- A formal acknowledgment
- Brief but "personalized"
- An essay on gratitude

When sending thanks by mail, you needn't be stiff, or wordy or witty. Make your thank-you brief, but warm with that personal touch that's *you*. Why let "duty notes" nag you? Writing them can be so simple. Likewise, why be needled by problem-day worries—when Kotex can give you peace of mind? The exclusive safety center of Kotex means *extra protection* against accidents. And you'll say "thanks" for that *deodorant* in each Kotex napkin!



*T. M. Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost.

so don't hesitate. Mention an early morning appointment. It's the smooth way to exit at your curfew time. At "difficult" times, curfew for outline fears calls for Kotex. That's because Kotex has *flat, pressed ends* that don't show . . . that prevent revealing outlines. Yes, with Kotex you're poised at any party . . . a smoothie from the word go!



After making an introduction, then what?

- Follow through
- Let them take it from there
- Start talking for talk's sake

Spare your friends the pause that distresses—after they've said "How do you do?". Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. To be at ease on "trying" days, let Kotex introduce you to real comfort, dreamy softness that is strictly this side of heaven! For Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. You get lasting comfort . . . more poise per hour!

MAYOR MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 28)

woke up with a start, and at first she didn't know where she was. Of course, she thought. There was an accident with the sleigh and we came here to this cabin in the wilderness. But what was it that had wakened her? The man who'd been there before! He must have come back! She lay still, listening to Peggy's regular breathing. Then she heard it again, a slow, high whine like a violin.

Connie sat up like a shot. "Peggy," she called softly, shaking her friend roughly. "Peggy, listen."

"What's the matter?" Peggy rolled over. "What is it? What's happened?"

"Listen. That music." Connie clutched the bedclothes tightly.

"What music?" Peggy cocked her head to one side and listened intently. "I don't hear a thing, Connie. It was probably just the wind through the trees." She yawned and leaned back against the pillow. "Go on back to sleep, Connie."

"I could have sworn it was music," Connie murmured, snuggling down obediently beneath the blanket.

She closed her eyes. When she opened them again, bright sunlight was streaming in through the window.

"Hey! Connie! Peggy!" Something hit the side of the cabin with a bang.

Connie leaped out of bed with Peggy at her heels. The two girls padded to the window and blinked sleepily out at the boys. It had stopped snowing, and for miles around, the earth was one wide expanse of whiteness.

Cap tossed a half-finished snowball over his shoulder. "It's about time you came to," he said disgustedly. "Stub and I have been back to the road already."

"Any signs of a rescue party?" Peggy asked eagerly.

"Yes, but they seem to have come and gone." Stub's answer was casual. "Some joker removed the map and pushed the sleigh back out of sight behind the trees."

"What!" Connie's nails dug into the window sill. "Who?"

"If we knew the answer to that one . . ." Stub left the rest unsaid and turned away. "Hurry up and get dressed. Shorty's limping around, making

breakfast. Boy! Are we starved!"

Even Shorty was worried now. "Nobody came back last night. Maybe Mr. X knew we were here." He shook his head, a puzzled frown on his face. "That rescue crew should have reached here by now."

"They couldn't find us, remember? Maybe Mr. X doesn't want them ever to find us," Cap figured. "Maybe he moved the sleigh and took the map away so they couldn't."

"He's probably got his eye on the cabin right now," Stub concluded miserably.

Peggy's fork, piled with scrambled eggs, shook in midair. "What are we going to do?" she whispered in a trembling voice.

Connie lifted her head. "Listen, somebody's coming."

Everybody stopped eating. The sound of horses' hoofs could be heard distinctly, coming closer and closer. It wouldn't be a rescue party, Connie reasoned to herself; they'd be shouting and calling out. Now the hoofs were slowing down, stopping outside the cabin. Instinctively Cap reached for his knife, and Connie had to fight down a hysterical desire to laugh. For the knife was completely covered with butter. Then the door was flung open, and a woman stood on the threshold. For a long moment, she stared at

them. Slowly the color faded out of her cheeks until her face looked dead white against her tailored black ski suit.

Shorty was the first to rise to the occasion. "Won't you join the party?"

"Thank you." The woman advanced into the room. Gradually the color seeped back into her face as Shorty explained their presence there. But her large gray eyes moved nervously around. She seemed to be searching for something.

Perhaps that was why Connie didn't believe her story about finding the cabin quite by accident the week before and stocking it for a week-end skiing party. Even when she helped them clear the dishes away and offered to drive them home, those restless gray eyes never stopped probing.

Connie was the last one to climb into the woman's sleigh. She bolted out of the cabin and wedged herself onto the wooden seat between Cap and Stub.

"Got a pencil?" she whispered in Cap's ear.

Cap dug out one he'd found in the cabin and watched her curiously as she scribbled on a piece of crumpled paper. "What's the big idea?" he wanted to know after a while.

Connie put her finger to his lips. "Ssh, I'll tell you later."

But later things began happening too fast for explanations. Most of Central City was gathered at the sleigh shed and Mayor Martin was getting ready to lead a third search party when Connie and her pals arrived. Shorty was packed off to a doctor, and Mayor Martin bundled his errant charges into the car to drive them home.

"Somebody must have cleared the road to get by," Mayor Martin figured when he heard about the sleigh and the map. "Except for that, we'd have found you right off. We were all worried sick. That violinist's disappearance made us doubly jittery."

Connie hopped on his words. "What violinist, Dad?"

Mayor Martin smiled. "It's a new mystery for you, Connie, all right. Big headlines." He jerked his head toward the rear.



"Heavens! Unless a man turns up soon I'm going to wind up being an intellectual!"

"The paper's back there somewhere."

"Read it, Stub," Connie demanded in a tense voice.

"O.K." Stub spread the paper out on his lap. "Well-known violinist disappears mysteriously in middle of concert tour. Don Caprice in highly nervous state, conductor of orchestra reports. Suggests breakdown. Search narrowed to area around Central City. Don Caprice to have introduced new concerto in Boston next week. Every copy of concerto missing." Stub let the paper fall to the floor.

"That's very peculiar," remarked Peggy, her brown eyes serious.

"It's more than peculiar," Connie insisted several hours later when the gang gathered at her house after lunch, "particularly since I'm convinced I heard violin music in the middle of last night. It might have been a signal for help."

"For Pete's sake, Connie!" Cap groaned. "Won't you ever grow up? You're supposed to be a year older today."

"I see no connection between the cabin and the violinist," Stub declared firmly.

"O.K., smarty." Peggy produced a soiled, wrinkled piece of paper. "Then what about this? I stuck it in my pocket without thinking when I put my mittens on this morning. I'd stuffed one of them last night to help dry it. It's a program from a concert given in Chicago Friday night, and Don Caprice was the soloist." She settled back triumphantly.

Cap was properly impressed. "You girls win," he agreed meekly when he'd examined the program. "Where to? The police?"

Connie played thoughtfully with a lock of red hair. "We might go see that woman who owns the cabin—Mrs. Tom Wilder. She might have a lead for us."

It was easy to find Mrs. Wilder's address in the telephone book. And, after a short bus ride, they were ushered into her modest living room by a trimly uniformed maid, and asked to wait. Connie fidgeted on the edge of the sofa beside Cap and hoped that their hostess wouldn't think them noisy or crazy or both.

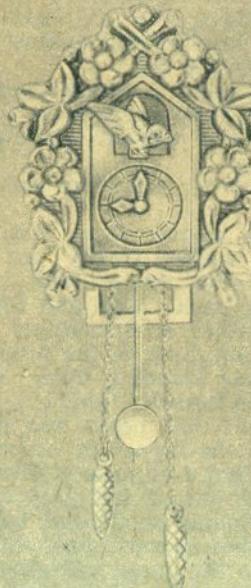
"So we meet again, I see." It was the lady of the black ski suit who had driven them home that morning, but now she was wearing a bright flowered housecoat and her hair fell in soft brown waves about her face. "I didn't think you knew who I was."

"We didn't," Peggy began bluntly. "That is—I thought you said . . ."

Cap came to her rescue and to the point. "We found this program in your cabin, Mrs. Wilder. We thought it might have some connection with the disappearance of Don Caprice."

Mrs. Wilder's lips tightened as she read the program. When she looked up again, her smile was stiff and strained. "I went to the concert in Chicago Friday. I might have dropped it in the cabin, I suppose.

*Miss Coroteen
says—*



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385 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Is that what you wanted to find out?"

"Not exactly," Stub remarked dryly.

Connie gazed hard and long into the woman's gray eyes. Was it fear or anger that hovered there now, she wondered. "You don't mind, of course, if we just run out and have another look, do you?" she asked politely.

"But I do mind." Panic sounded in Mrs. Wilder's voice. She caught her lower lip between her teeth. "That is," she went on more calmly, "you might get lost."

"Oh no, we wouldn't," Connie assured her. She drew a sheet of paper from her purse and held it up. "On the way home with you, I kept a map of the route."

Even Connie was unprepared for what happened next. Mrs. Wilder seemed suddenly hypnotized by the map. Swiftly she crossed the room to the sofa and snatched it from Connie's outstretched hand. Then she carried it to the window and held it up to the light. When she turned around, there was no mistaking the look in her gray eyes. She was almost pleading with them.

"Where did you find this?" Her voice shook.

"In the cabin some place. I don't remember where exactly. I grabbed it in a hurry on the way out to your sleigh."

"I've changed my mind." Mrs. Wilder seemed to be trembling all over. "I'll slip into some clothes and drive you out to the cabin immediately."

All the way along the road that led to the cabin, Connie's mind turned over and over the events of the past twenty-four hours. But they didn't add up to anything. Impatiently Connie turned to her friends, but their faces were as perplexed as her own. Peggy was squinting up at the sky as if she expected an answer to be etched on a cloud. Stub was tugging bewilderedly at his ear. Cap was alternately scratching his head and shaking it. As for Mrs. Wilder, she sat straight up in the driver's seat, never saying a word and using her whip frequently. For all anybody knew, she might be leading them directly into a trap.

In spite of her warm clothing, Connie felt cold shivers shooting up from the base of her spine. If Mrs. Wilder were responsible for the violinist's disappearance, she undoubtedly had accomplices. Four high-school kids,

no matter how courageous, would have a slim chance against hardened criminals.

The sleigh slid into the clearing outside the cabin. Mrs. Wilder pulled on the reins, then jumped to the ground. Connie and the others tumbled out after her and followed her to the door. She pulled it open, and a dark-haired man who was sitting at the table sprang to his feet, upsetting a pile of musical scores. Connie lurched back against Cap. His arm steadied her.

Mrs. Wilder strode over to the man. "They got this in the cabin, Don." She waved Connie's map in his face.

"Where?" His voice was low and tense.

At a glance from Mrs. Wilder, Connie walked slowly into the center of the room. She hesitated, looking back. Cap and Peggy and Stub smiled encouragingly. Connie moved on, over to the fireplace.

"I was standing here," she muttered to herself, "and I . . ." She stopped. Her heart was pounding. Out of the corner of her eye, Connie caught a glimpse of Mrs. Wilder, her lips parted, her gray eyes staring. Connie swallowed hard. Her hand shot upward, past the mantelpiece to the dusty, gilt-edged mirror above it. "Now I know!" she cried excitedly. "It was right here." She reached behind the mirror and pulled out a sheaf of papers.

Mrs. Wilder and the dark-haired man hurriedly crossed the room, grabbed the sheaf, and leafed through it quickly.

"That's it!" the man shouted. "That's the concerto. Now we have proof."

Mrs. Wilder seized Connie's hand. "I'll never stop thanking you," she

whispered, tears shining in her gray eyes. "Never!"

It was the man, Don Caprice, who explained everything. Everyone sat crosslegged around the fireplace while he talked.

He and Tom Wilder, he told them, were buddies during the war. After Tom was killed, Don made up his mind that when he returned to the States he would look up Tom's wife and find the concerto Tom had composed back home and had told him about so often. But Don, too, was wounded. Then came one concert tour after another. During this last one, he was asked to introduce an original concerto, composed by one of the members of the orchestra. He recognized the theme immediately. It was Tom's. The false composer had known Tom, too, and had obviously stolen Tom's work.

"I tried to convince the orchestra conductor of the plagiarism," he said, "but I had no proof. He tagged me as a mental case and let it go at that."

"So Don came to me," Mrs. Wilder put in, "and in desperation we cooked up his disappearance and the disappearance of every copy of the concerto. It was the only way to stop the introduction of the concerto."

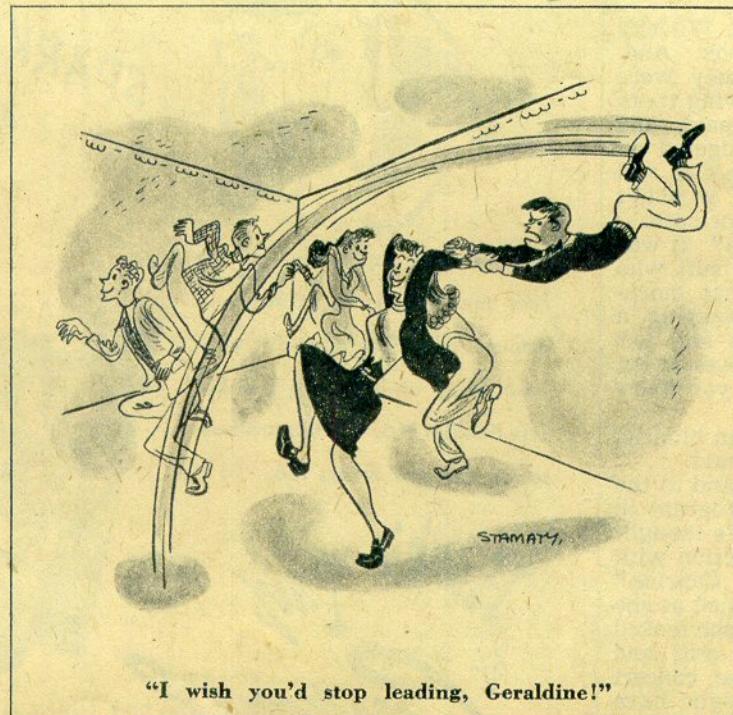
"Mrs. Wilder was sure the original copy of the concerto was somewhere in the cabin," Don Caprice went on. "Your arrival, which proved so fortunate, interrupted my search and was the last thing we wanted. That's why I pushed the cutter behind the trees and removed the map. Luckily I was walking near the road when your accident occurred." He grinned. "I spent the night in a cave not far away. Brr, it was cold down there. I tried playing the violin to scare you away, but my fingers got too stiff."

"Then Connie did hear violin music that night," Peggy gasped, fascinated. "But that map she drew on the way home . . ." Peggy turned to Mrs. Wilder. "How did you know?"

"It was on the back of a sheet of the score we wanted." Mrs. Wilder held the map up so everybody could see it. "Then I knew that you'd found the concerto here."

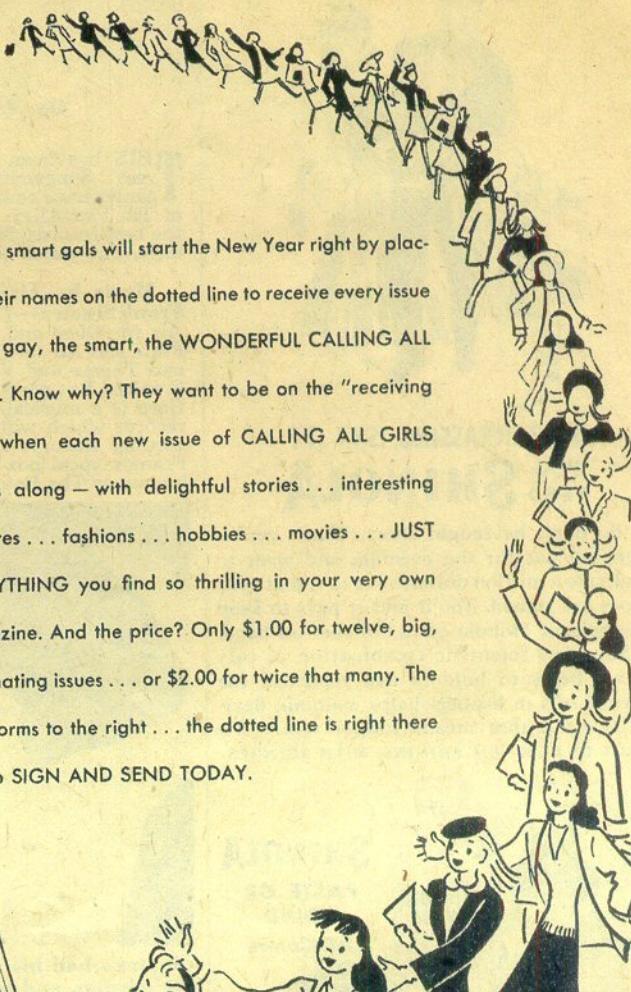
"Well, what do you know!" Stub gazed admiringly at Connie. "Shorty was right. She does have a head on her shoulders, after all."

Cap looked at Connie. "A pretty head, too," he said, smiling at her, "with plenty of gray matter inside."

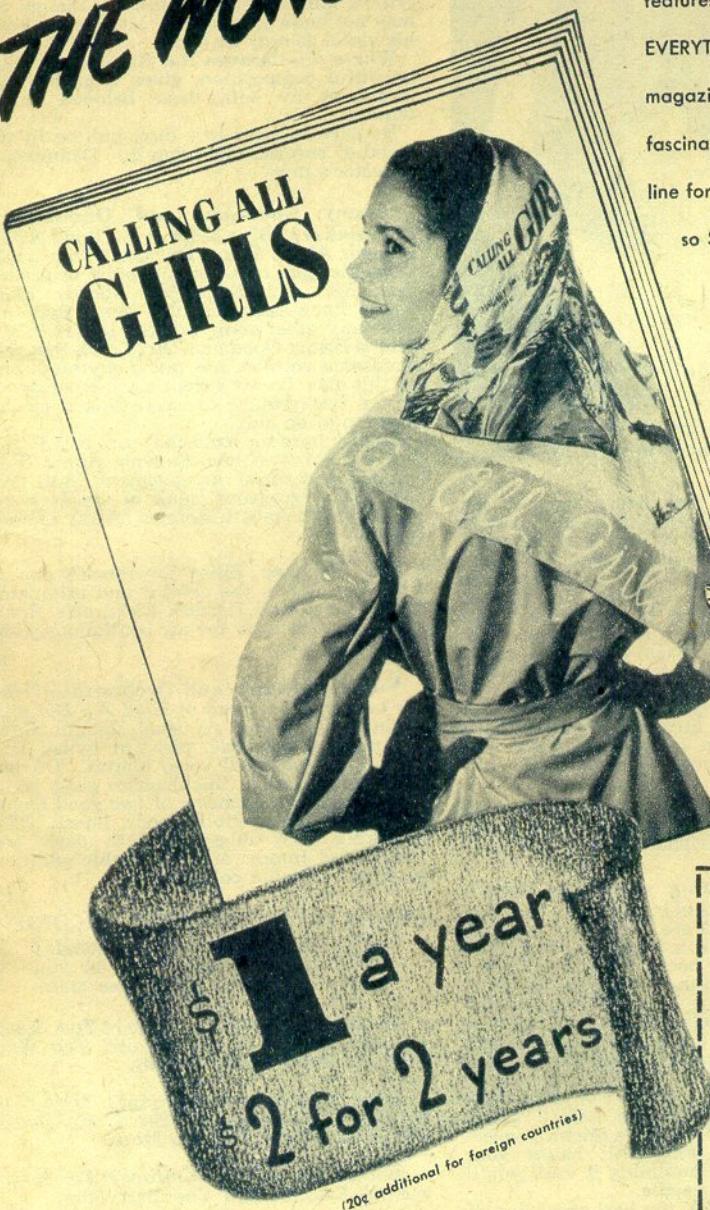


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RECORD RATERS

By LEE MORSE

THIS has been an exciting part of the year. Songwriters and recording companies have come through with the cream of Tin Pan Alley. It was difficult to choose the best records, for there are so many these days, but watch these:

Music by Alec Wilder Conducted by Frank Sinatra—(Columbia Masterworks) *Air for Oboe and Air for Bassoon; Air for Flute and Air for English Horn; Slow Dance and Theme and Variation.* Leave it to our Frankie! But don't let those titles scare you. Here is a musical album of three ten-inch records which will occur very rarely in recording history, for nary a note escapes Frank's vocal box. The Voice will now be known as The Baton.



Sinatra's had his mind set on a conductor's baton, and here he gets his chance.

When the swoon man heard some of Mr. Wilder's musical arrangements and original compositions, he was so impressed he asked Columbia if he could change his tune. To serious musicians, Alec is a jazz man; and to jazz men, he is a long-hair. His music in these six masterpieces is a mixture of the classical and unconventional; it deals with dance rhythms as Bach or Mozart might have done them. All are highly individual and feature modern variations.

It will be worth your while to save your pennies for this musical history-making album. The Baton does exceedingly well with this modern woodwind take-off.

TUNE TOPIC: Claire Hogan, vocalist with the new, sensational Johnny Bothwell congregation, is known to friends as Mrs. Bothwell.

Margaret Whiting and Jerry Gray's Orchestra—(Capitol) *Passé and For You, For Me, Forever More.* Hey, hey, all you Margaret Whiting Fan Club members! Here is a record for your books. Call the members together to listen to the wonderful job Margaret does in cutting *Passé*. She makes the song almost sing itself. *Passé* is a torchy tune with lilting lyrics, cut in a torchy arrangement, with solid support by Jerry Gray's fine orchestra.

The flipover, *For You, For Me, Forever More*, is a fair tune helped along considerably by La Whiting's fetching voice. Nevertheless, this song will haunt you; you'll find yourself humming it until you'll want to change the needle.

Don't miss this disc, the best recording of these melodies. A must on your list, gal.

By The By: Margaret Whiting's favorite teen-agers are her sister, Barbara Whiting, and Peggy Ann Garner who are inseparables, and are now playing together in "Home Sweet Homicide."

Bing Crosby and Jascha Heifetz—(Decca) *Lullaby and Where My Caravan Has Rested.* Bing has the unique pleasure of being able to choose his platter mates. Previously, he has sung with the Andrews Sisters, Eddie Heywood, Bob Hope, and Connee Boswell. But this combination of America's most popular singer with Jascha Heifetz, one of America's most popular violin virtuosos, is superb picking. Der Bingle offers his lilting asset to *Lullaby*, from the opera, "Jocelyn," a familiar aria to all of us though we may not know it by name. Mr. Heifetz bows his violin as only he can.

Where My Caravan Has Rested is another beautiful composition, given a magnificent treatment by both these beloved entertainers.

Be sure to hear this disc, but be in the mood of reverie when you do. Definitely a collector's item.

Benny Goodman and Orchestra—(Columbia) *Blue Skies and I Don't Know Enough About You.* You don't have to be a weatherman or a meteorologist to predict that there are *Blue Skies* ahead. More bands have recorded this tune than almost any other song, but the leader in the field is Benny Goodman. Art Lund, that tall, handsome vocalist, has put a rhythmic bite on this one. Benny's clear clarinet rings out in the background to make this a catchy creation of an oldy.

Finally here's a band that can give Peggy Lee's *I Don't Know Enough About You* a good orchestral arrangement. And Mr. Lund, that gorgeous hunk of vocal chord, makes this a smooth spinner on any phonograph.

MUSIC BUSINESS: Elliot Lawrence's pop is Stan Lee Broza, the creator and originator of the Horn and Hardart Children's Hour, which has been on the air continuously for nineteen years.

Vaughn Monroe and Orchestra—(Victor) *Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did and Changing My Tune.* As usual, Vaughn Monroe takes a plaintive, pleasant ballad and spins it into a swell vocal platter. Dueted with Betty Norton, this maestro gives forth with saucy arrangements of two good melodies from one of Hollywood's latest, "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim." Both sides are lyrical and jumpy, and a valuable addition to your turntable collection.

OTHER RECOMMENDED RECORDS:

*The stars mark the recommended discs, accompanying titles let you know what's on the reverse sides.

Dinah Shore—(Columbia) **You Keep Coming Back Like a Song and The Way That the Wind Blows Tonight.*

Billy Eckstine—(National) **I've Got To Pass Your House to Get to My House and It Ain't Like That No More.*

King Cole Trio—(Capitol) **For Sentimental Reasons and The Best Man.*

Bing Crosby—(Decca) **Cuba.*

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 45)

It is also possible that Sally doesn't realize that times and conditions, tastes and ideas are bound to change, that she may be going through a perfectly natural and healthy period of trying her wings in new, different ways. Perhaps right now choosing clothes or planning new hair-dos can be pushed into the background for a while—although Sally's good sense will continue to make her see to it that she's well-groomed and pleasant to look at and be with. She need not push herself so hard. She can relax a bit, give her body time to grow and her thoughts a chance to jell. She needn't be self-conscious about being different than she was. Of course she's different; so is everyone else. That's how we grow.

The teen years are wonderful and terrible! Sometimes a girl seems to be up in the clouds and then again she's all the way down at the bottom of the sea. But, again, all this is part of growing up. Teen-agers must guard their health (without thinking about it all the time, of course), use their heads, and give their feelings a chance to find expression through work, fun, and friendships so that in the years ahead they will be ready to take their full share of responsibility as mature people.

There are very few teen-agers in this town and it takes all of us to have a good time. But in our group are two very quarrelsome girls. My two chums and I would like to know what to do to keep peace in the gang.—Frances M., aged 14, Alberta.

IS it true that it *always* "takes all to have a good time"? Cooperation and friendliness all around make for better spirit and a larger number of really good friendships, but there are occasions when all of us—young or old—manage pretty well with small groups. We also have larger circles of acquaintances or more casual friends.

Then there's the matter of labels.

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

How easy it is for us to use them! Actually the two girls may often be "very quarrelsome," or seem to be; but if Frances and her two pals will watch more carefully they are likely to discover that at certain times the "disagreeable" girls are only trying to achieve self-confidence. They want to feel surer than they do that they are liked, wanted; and, not feeling so sure, perhaps they don't know what to do or how to act to win approval and recognition. They seem to be successful in getting the attention and interest of their classmates by acting as they do now; but what if they could find out that they may become *more* popular, *more* sincerely liked and admired at times when their nicer qualities show more plainly? Couldn't their energies be harnessed more usefully? Could they be given jobs, real responsibilities? How about some praise and encouragement when they have their moments or hours of being generous, pleasant, kind, and thoughtful? Frances and her special friends might ask themselves if *they* are perfect, if they may not expect too much of others.

A fine group of girls and boys should be able to work out good community standards. Planning things to do together should make for more fun and less fuss.



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WILL THE CLASS PLEASE COME TO ORDER?

(Continued from page 35)



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your cud of gum, stargaze out of the window with a lost-to-the-world and rather stupid expression on your face, or bring out for public inspection your boudoir routine of hair-combing and making-up. You'd never want anyone to know you'd even consider cheating—and we hope you wouldn't consider it, even privately, either. When you do these things in class, when you let the barriers of your good training slip down, you'll find that you are exposing yourself in a most unbecoming light.

That's why there are rules about classroom behavior. They're not just pulled out of a hat to harass you. They're not thought up solely to preserve peace and order in the classroom but also to help you maintain the kind of standards you really want to maintain. They help you to mold the good habits you want to own into such hard and fast shape that they'll be with you for always, without your having to worry about them any more.

You may only kid yourself when you think your traits of personality are lost in the protective coloring of your classmates, but some personalities actually do become lost, the teacher's among them. Too often she is considered a machine in the factory of education and treated as such rather than as a human being. We're sure you wouldn't interrupt an older friend of the family's when she's talking or wave your hand frantically in front of her face. But sometimes the teacher has to take these indignities. And if you promised to do a chore for a friend, you'd be embarrassed to fall down on the job. You should be equally embarrassed to show up in class unprepared, without your chore done. Of course, life does gang up occasionally, and lessons just aren't prepared. Then the courteous thing is to explain before class just why you aren't quite on the beam that day. In that way you show consideration for the teacher's time and give her the comfortable sense of being taken seriously. You know how insulted

you feel when someone tries to put something over on you. That's just the way the teacher feels when she realizes that one of her pupils is trying to bluff or cheat in her classroom.

Public property has always been the butt of public destruction, probably because the owner is anonymous. It would never occur to you to scribble in a book you've borrowed from a friend, or to draw pictures on the cover. But schoolbooks and desks are borrowed even though the

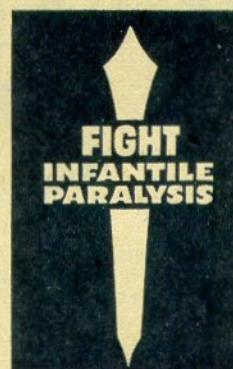
"friend" who lent them is a little obscure. The school property is lent to you for your own good keeping. It should bear evidence of care when it is returned.

When class is dismissed and you head for the halls or the school yard with the feeling of being free from supervision, yes, you're on your own. Is it your own best? If you've ever been mowed down by a galloping herd, you probably didn't describe the herd as the epitome of good manners. There's no curfew on fun, laughter, and a general sense of well-being. There should be a curfew against letting such fine pleasure go to the point that it becomes a nuisance to others. When you feel like sprinting for freedom, hold down to a mental spring so you don't endanger the persons and belongings of others. And of course it's not much better to be a road hog the other way, either, by sauntering along arm in arm four abreast so no one can pass. It's polite to apologize for any bumping or blocking, but it's a back-handed politeness. It would be better to avoid the error in the first place.

In the school grounds and in assembly you have not only your own prestige but that of your school to uphold. Remember the little drops of water and little grains of sand business? That's you in the crowd. Though you may feel your own inattention to details or sloppiness of behavior will be lost in the rush, they do contribute to the whole picture. And the whole colors you—as you notice when you hear yourself referred to as one of the X High School gang.

You may feel it would be a little stilted to maintain the manners of a formal party at school. But could it be that these manners are stilted because they aren't practiced enough? You don't have to stop and think before every move about what the books say you should do in situation A or B. You should try to transpose yourself so that you think what it would be like to be on the receiving end of your own actions. In other words, you'll want to give everyone a fair chance by being considerate, friendly, and thoughtful. The attitude will work backward and forward. It will encourage others to consider you, your comfort and wants.

Manners should not take a vacation when the school bell rings but should always be in evidence. They should go to school with you, like Mary's little lamb, who, you may remember, made everyone very happy by his presence.



MARCH OF DIMES
JANUARY 15-31

**SEE HERE—
ROBERT WALKER!**

(Continued from page 11)

that finished the "bad boy" business then and there. When Bob was graduated with top honors, he was president of his class, president of the Dramatic Club and the Literary Society, and an officer in the school band. Besides, he had won two scholarships to the Pasadena Community Playhouse. And his aunt was so pleased with the new Bob that she offered to see him through the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

Even with excellent dramatic training behind him, it wasn't easy to crash the stage. The best Bob could manage at first was a bit part in the Cherry Lane Theatre in Greenwich Village, where he earned fifty cents a performance. He lived in a cooperative lodge on the ten dollars a week contributed by one of his brothers, and haunted the booking offices without much luck.

Finally came a chance in radio, and Bob was a "voice" on a number of dramatic programs until one day one of the other actors made that classic observation, "You know, you ought to be in pictures." Only this fellow didn't stop with the compliment, he knew people who knew people—and the next thing, Bob Walker was rushing off to meet some of those people and take a screen test for the part of the young sailor in "Bataan."

Bob made such a sympathetic, real character of the eighteen-year-old Purckett in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture that he was immediately signed for a part in "Madame Curie." But (though the Army turned him down because of his eyes) it was as a G.I. Joe that Bob made his biggest hit. Remember "See Here, Private Hargrove" and its sequel, "What Next, Corporal Hargrove?" Remember "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "The Clock"?

Now he's starring in something quite different, the Technicolor musical, "Till the Clouds Roll By," which tells the life story of one of Bob's favorite composers, Jerome Kern. It's a pretty impressive cast, including such stars as Judy Garland, June Allyson, Lucille Bremer, and the two Vans, Johnson and Heflin.

Bob is six feet tall, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is a little on the shy side. He likes to beat a trap drum, play tennis and golf, swim, ride a motorcycle, and he drinks milk like mad, trying to put on weight. Reading is one of his favorite hobbies, and collecting early American furniture is another. Not so long ago he became interested in interior decorating, and decided to make over his new apartment. Once in a while he likes to go to a prize fight, but night clubs—no thanks. He hasn't the time, and even if he did—well, Bob kind of likes his books and the out-of-doors best.

TRUE OR FALSE?



Thumbs down on dance dates certain days of the month!

FALSE. Dancing is strictly okay—just remember to take it easy! Even the most dazzling creatures "sit it out" once in a while!

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BEAUTY Buy-Words

"PERK-UP" and "protect" are the buy-words for good looks products in January. There's mid-winter beauty insurance in the ones we've listed below and you'll find helpful suggestions on other pages of the magazines. The prices mentioned are approximate and taxes are not included.

A wonder-working hand beautifier for just \$1.00 is Tussy's brand-new Wind and Weather Cream. Velvet-smooth and fragrant, it helps to counteract the outdoor cold and indoor heat that tend to make the skin of your hands coarse and lobster-colored. So if you've a yen for petal-soft "paws" instead of chapped, tightly-drawn skin and rough cuticles, here's the cream that will do the job. In 3½-ounce jars at cosmetic counters everywhere.



Beauty is as beauty dusts—and Avon has the perfect dusting powder for you. Feather-soft and scented with spring apple blossoms, a few fluffs of the puff with Beauty Dust will banish after-bath stickiness and help clothes slip on like magic. Especially good for winter-time use, too, because body powder absorbs moisture and protects your skin against chafing. A luxurious bargain for \$1.10 from your Avon representative.

If your polish has that dog-eared look after a few hours' wear, you'll welcome Helen Neushaefer's new nail polish, containing plasteen. Plasteen is a magical ingredient which gives this polish its unique gloss and long-lasting chip-proof qualities. Available in a dozen true color shades at your five and dime or local variety store.



Snow, wind, and zero temperature mean it's time for special lip care if you don't want yours to become parched and dry as desert sands. Did you know there's a colorless, medicated preparation you can put on right under or over your lipstick that helps keep lips soft and lovely? It's Chap Stick, in handy case no bigger than the size of your regular

lipstick container and for 25¢ it packs a tremendous amount of soothing value for you.

When it comes to whisking wavy end-curls into place, even the most inexperienced gal can make this Gadabout Beauty Brush behave. A clever combination of a nylon brush and a rat-tail comb, it will save you precious time and keep your hair neater longer. Fits comfortably into a purse and is as attractive as it is efficient in either clear crystal or pastel shades of blue, pink, green

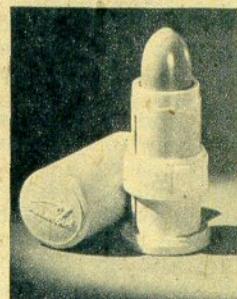


and amethyst. \$1.25 at drug and department stores.

Making New Year's beauty resolutions? Then promise yourself a package of DuBarry Special Cleansing Preparation. This fragrant, powdery meal is specially formulated to flake off dull, dry skin and cleanse sluggish pores. Use it several times a week as a supplement to your regular cleansing and a bright, baby-fresh skin is the reward. At your favorite cosmetic counter for \$1.00, and it lasts for ages.

A gay, bright lipstick sends your morale zooming upward if you have the mid-term examination blues.

Stadium Girl lipstick is smooth (we do mean that literally!), and all six shades are luscious. You'll like the plastic, push-up containers, too, because there's no sticking or jamming when you're in a rush to make up. And when you see the 10c and 25c sizes at your nearest dime store, your resistance will drop as low as the price.



SUNDAY-BEST SAUCES

(Continued from page 29)

The girls bought and brought home the ice cream (it's cheaper in bulk 'cause it goes further). They rotated houses so they wouldn't get in people's hair—and they chipped in on the sugar, checking first with their mothers on the state of the rations. And boned up on cookbook recipes. It took research, but here are some of their pet finds.

Chocolate Fudge Sauce

This is really nothing but thin fudge. Put into your saucepan 2 cups of sugar, a pinch of salt, 2 squares of unsweetened chocolate, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk, and 1 tablespoon of butter. Heat this mixture slowly, stirring constantly till the sugar is dissolved, the chocolate melted, and the mixture ready to boil. Then cover and let it boil for 2 minutes. Uncover and keep it at a slow boil till a couple of drops in a cup of cold water form a very soft ball when you gather them together with your fingers (or until the heat reaches 230° on the candy thermometer). It's a good idea to go on stirring during this boiling—perhaps not constantly but pretty often. The milk and chocolate make a combination that sticks and burns much more easily than most syrups. Now take it off the fire, let it cool a little, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of vanilla, and beat it until the sauce shows signs of thickening. This will give about 2 cups of sauce which can be served hot or stored in the icebox and used another day. If you serve it hot after it's been chilled, reheat the sauce slowly.

Caramel Fudge Sauce

Make your caramel by melting $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar in a heavy frying pan over low heat and letting it cook till it is golden brown. This is a surprising business—you'd never think that pile of sugar would turn into caramel syrup all by itself. Then remove it from the fire and dilute it with 1 cup of boiling water. Stir till all the syrup dissolves off the sides and bottom of the pan, then add 1 tablespoon of butter and return it to the fire. Keep at a slow boil until a few drops will form a very soft ball when dropped into cold water (or when the heat of the sauce registers 230° on the candy thermometer). Take off the fire, cool a little, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of vanilla, beat till it begins to thicken, and you have 1 cup of caramel sauce. This, too, will keep a day or two and can be used hot or cold.

What else is in the club notebook? A marshmallow gum, of course, and maple-nut, and maple fudge. Tricks with fresh fruits and more sauces from the jam jar. Cherry, too, and a melba that's a runner-up to chocolate in most all popularity polls. Send for the leaflet, *Saucy Sundaes*, to Junior Housekeeping Department 36, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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Write out your recipe for a sundae sauce, and don't forget to tell how much of each ingredient goes in, or just how this wonderful goo is put together. Be sure to give your name, address, and age. Neatness will not be a factor in judging entries, and if two or more entries are considered of equal merit, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

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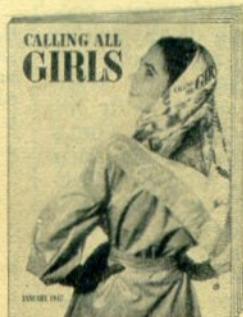
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